

**Serial Killer sends in photo.
Repentant Child Molester
shares his insights.
Photographer visits the site
of his brother's demise.
Another Evil Mother
Pet Corner: Rottweiler Alert!**

Apology



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Apology

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Cover Photograph:

The photo on the cover is by Bruce Williams of Barking Dog Photo©.

Williams is a spot freelance photographer—he's glued to his scanner radio day and night, and races to any emergency that sounds worth photographing. He sells what he can to the papers, but it's a tough way to make the rent. He took this shot about eight or ten years ago following up on a police call for a "jumper." "It was in a big angel dust neighborhood, and the behavior this man was exhibiting lead me to believe that it was angel dust. Either that or pure madness. He had broken down the front glass door with his head, and then he ran upstairs and broke down this lady's door and was hanging out the window screaming that the cops were trying to kill him. And for once the cops weren't, and they were running around very embarrassed in the street. And they were setting up an air bag, but it takes half an hour to inflate. And the captain came over to me because he was calling for 'NBC, the cops are trying to kill me, get the press!' and he said, 'Listen, do me a favor, he's screaming for the press. Flash the flash on him a few times.' Like, 'See? The press is here. You can come down now.'

"So they were able to bring him down, and I walk over to the front of the building, and for some reason this guy, just when they got to me he stopped, turned and went, 'RRRRRR!' right at me. And the reaction is to like run, but I stood my ground and flashed the flash at him, and then they took him away.

"People think they know about photography. They have a studio where everyone sits still and nobody is shooting back. When it comes down in the street, and it's fast moving, and it's a now or never kind of shot, they don't know shit."

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LISTENING POST Mr. Apology

We are off and running for the second year of *Apology Magazine*, although this last snowy quarter has been much slower than the hectic period right after the publication of the *Apology* story in the *New Yorker* (October 4th). But there is an *Apology* story coming up in *Spin Magazine* in April (thanks be unto Bob Guccione, Jr., journalist Julia Chaplain, and photographer Carla Garr), and a couple of days from now a reporter from the Associated Press is interviewing me, so the next wave is building. Wish I could get the new computerized answering/recording machinery set up for the next onslaught of new callers but there may not be time.

For the first time ever I actually *bought* ad space for *Apology*—in the culturally important *Factsheet5*. There's also a review on the same page. *Factsheet5* asks certain questions of zine publishers for their mini reviews, including whether the zine will be sent free to prisoners. I would have been foolish not to have said yes, given the focus of *Apology*, and indeed, about a third of the response from *FS5* has been from inmates desperate for contact and stimulation from the outside. The letters I've received have been intelligent and well written, and I hope (1) we will receive some interesting essays and *apologia* from that million-strong segment of our population, (2) some of you on the outside will send letters and, perhaps, old books to the guys in the *Lonely Prisoners* section of our personal ads, and (3) *Apology* will not go broke sending out free copies. I suppose I could say, "One mag for one carton of cigarettes," but I don't smoke.

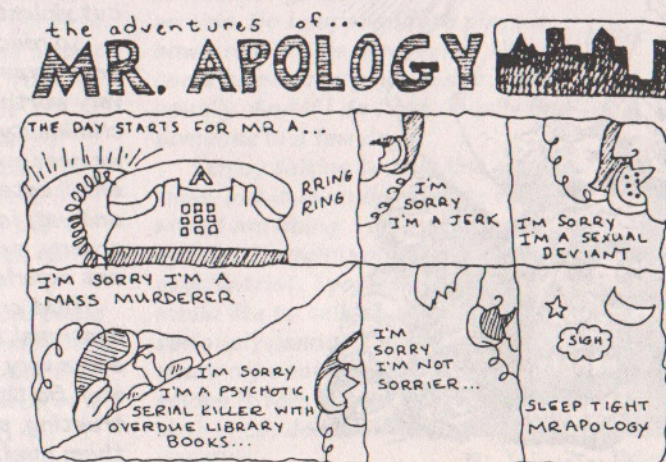
Hope you like the new cover style. Doug Biggett, who handles periodicals for Tower Books, told me over the phone that the old design looked like a design prize winner from the 1940's. This kind of candor is rare and should not be ignored. The dynamite cover photo was taken by Bruce Williams, an uncut gem from Queens, and unquestionably the reincarnation of Weegee. He showed me some other great shots in the catalogue of a show he did in Tokyo. I hope he can dig up the negatives.

Last time around, a lot of attention was focused on Ted, and the possibility of finding some confidential counseling for him. But he continues to be unwilling to take that sort of risk. And, frankly, despite his fascinating narration and convincing tone, I

increasingly question in my mind how he could have done the assaults on children he claims without there having been demonstrators in the streets demanding action from the police. The focus this time is on CM, a man whose credibility it has never occurred to me to doubt. The subject is also sexual assault of children, but on an intimate and altogether believable scale—the violation of niece who was five about six years ago when it happened.

When we first met CM in the Summer of 1992, he was well along in a process of remorse, criticism, and self-evaluation. Although some callers saw him as just another of the incesting weeds that now seem to be popping up all over the American lawn, most callers seemed to feel as I did that the manipulation and psychic disfigurement of his niece—terrible though it was—might well have been an adolescent singularity in CM's life. I hope so. I'm certain he's genuinely repentant and determined never to repeat, but it does worry me (and him too, I'm sure) that he is still struggling with feelings of being not in control of his life, and of being in need of such total control. A recent editorial in *New Yorker* (March 7th) examines the question of whether rapists and other serial sex offenders be given the choice of castration over incarceration. This has been instituted in some European countries. A cited Swiss study gives the recidivism rate for sex offenders as a whopping 76.9%, dropping to a mere 4.1% for 121 castrated offenders. A Danish study of 900 castrated offenders found only 2.2% recidivism. And for non-castrated offenders, the high rate is essentially unaffected by any other form of therapy, and the number of victims per offender can be in the hundreds. Against this background, a serial offender might find castration a liberation and a release from a horrible karma.

If CM is to be believed, he is not this sort of serial offender. But he still must carry a burden of guilt his whole life, just as his niece must carry her scars. If he stays clean for a number of years, should a CM be allowed another unsupervised go at life? Or must such a person be monitored indefinitely? And thus far, the state has proved incapable of closely tracking resourceful individuals. In any case, thanks go out to CM for his willingness to be the subject of such contemplations.



Richie Serial Killer

In a series of calls during the second half of 1984 a fellow calling himself Richie established an identity on the Apology Line as a sadistic serial killer of young men. In the last installment I challenged Richie to philosophically justify his activities. He responded with glee, essentially saying he was just a natural-born predator who did what he did for pleasure. He also was eager to send in a photograph of his handiwork to enhance his credibility. Of course I was dying to know if he was for real, but not enough to die or have someone else die in the finding out. On the other hand, if he just happened to have a photo or a pickled part lying around....

woman queries mr. a

Would you ever turn these tapes in to the police, either for information or for voice identification?

Rec. 4/14/85. Played on Program 34.

mr. a on reporting richie to the police

If they want the stuff, police have telephones and tape-recorders, too. In the four years or so since I've been running the project, I've been contacted by the police twice. Both times, it was because callers, like yourself,

went to them and said, "You ought to listen to what these tapes have on them." My suspicion is that the police's attitude is that they don't want to be bothered.

Played on Program 34.

mr. a: send in proof

First, I find you credible. People who call and comment also seem to believe you are for real, but there is always the chance that it is all the product of an obsessive imagination. So, if there is some proof you can convey, do so. The mail service specifies "no packages," but I have seen packages there, so there would probably not

be a problem. I definitely do not want you to victimize anyone in order to obtain proof.

You have mentioned particular victims: a sailor, a marine, a hustler named Biaggio. But I do not know how to verify these cases without going to the police. Even then there must be numerous sailors and marines who go AWOL and assume new identities and disappear. Maybe proof is not possible and not of primary importance.

Second, I have thought of your various statements a lot, more than anyone else's. And you have said more than everyone else. I think the appeal of this Line is that I am not a psychologist, priest, or cop, but just an everyman who is willing to listen and play back, who considers criminals to be part of humanity, who wants to know what makes it all happen. You seem to understand this stance and you have come forth with a great deal of information about how you reveal your acts in relationship to humanity. I think your world view is very harsh, but not without basis in history. You reject hope and humanity in your thoughts and deeds. Is this your message? And yet you would not like to live in a world built on your model of acting out violent fantasies.

To resolve this conflict will take deep investigation. But it will be very worthwhile. This is the puzzle of criminality in the broad sense: that we hear every day about great and small acts of injustice and violence, and yet, for the most part, life is an orderly, secure, and mostly pleasant experience. Here is a theory:

That criminals have known the irrational, violent side of life in some very particular and personal way. So that when they see orderly, trusting, peaceful society, it makes them mad. Criminals might say,

"You sheep! You don't know the violence that underlies all this. I'm going to turn your trust against you and give you a taste of what I've learned. Further, if I can provoke a violent response from you, then I will prove all your goodness and trust is a sham. That this is a world of violence kept in order by the threat of greater violence."

I have a vision of the world as a mountain of violence supporting a rosy, warm, cocoon. The mountain is the world economic and power pyramid. The cocoon is the world of sentiment, trust, hope and spirituality—occupied not so much by the those at top of the pyramid, but rather by their wives, their children, their artists, their priests, their philosophers, and so forth. Naturally, anyone in the pyramid has some hatred and envy for those in the cocoon at the top, and would want to tear the cocoon apart when they feel this hatred. The question is, "What would the world be like without the cocoon, with only the mountain?" One answer is "We would lose everything worthwhile in the world." The other answer is "Having lost the cocoon, the pyramid would lose its purpose. It would lose its pressure and level out." This would be better for those in the bottom of the pyramid. Probably many smaller pyramids with smaller cocoons would form. Was Rome a better place before or after its fall?

If you, Richie, were in Viet Nam as you said you were, you were sent down to do work in the lower part of the pyramid. And you witnessed how expendable people are down there. And you came back with an indelible impression of the pyramid. Your present victims belong to both worlds. Perhaps some are from subject cultures, or subject classes. But they still possess hope and trust which you can turn against them. If you now work in banking you are high up on the pyramid, but on the pyramid none the less.

This is the final question: Could Apology be a channel of communication between the pyramid and the cocoon for you to use in place of your violent acts?

Played on Program 35

the whimsical richie

You understand that I pick on hustlers, drug pushers, runaways, drifters, for several reasons. One is that New York abounds with them. Secondly, is that they are known as "throwaway people." The police don't really care what happens to them. And I would think that at least in 95% of the cases no one misses them enough to look for them. That is why you do not pick on Swedish male models, for instance.

The Marine and the sailor were both pure bravado on my part. The Marine was a fantasy I've always had. He was hitchhiking on the New Jersey Turnpike. The sailor I picked up in a bar on Eighth Avenue. It was the uniform that did it to me. He was wearing his whites and they were tight. Although I thought they both might be missed, and maybe someone would look for them, I also felt quite confident that they were not traceable to me.

I like what you say about trust. Most of my victims know me by the time I bring them home. I've either bought drugs from them, or I've talked to them in the street. I get to know them a little bit—buy them coffee or beer or cheap wine. We sit around outside and talk for a while. I may see them three or four times over a period of a month or so before I invite them back. The Marine and sailor were both exceptions, of course. I call this part of the hunt and I enjoy it very much. I enjoy it for pure sport. When the night comes, when I'm ready for someone, I go out to see who's around. So I suppose fate plays a small role in this also. A few times I come home empty handed, but not usually. And if I do I can usually find someone in a few days.

I enjoy talking to this line, as you know, but it is no substitute for what I am doing. I also enjoy my sport. I thought you might be a psychiatrist. I sometimes think I would like to talk to a shrink, but obviously cannot. I would also like to share my sport with someone who enjoys it too, but except for the one time in London, this is obviously not possible.

I enjoyed your vision of the pyramid and the cocoon. Very similar to Yin and Yang. And you put banking in the pyramid—nice touch. Personally, I do not believe that Rome was any better before or after the fall. I really think your vision is a bit too simplistic. You see, I too am a poet. That would make me part of the cocoon. Here are two haikus I wrote:

Even the wind dies
as I think of my dear friend
so far from my side.

A letter from you.
The unopened envelope
is warm in my hand.

I'm not sure of the criteria of good poetry, but I was able to sell both of these poems, and they were both printed or published. So someone else must have felt they had some merit. I've other poems published. So maybe nobody, no one, really lives in the pyramid or the cocoon, but we live in a void somewhere, and visit these places at will.

Evil, like most abstract thoughts, is extremely difficult to accurately describe. But to cause pain and discomfort seems to be the general acceptable description. You know, Apology, you are wrong on two points: I do not feel the world is particularly harsh; and I have no message. What I do is for my own pleasure. Why do you find that so difficult to understand and accept? I hope you don't lose any listeners because of the obsession we have with each other. Live long and prosper.

Rec 4/23/85. Played on Program 36.

richie puts a photograph in the mail

Apology? If you haven't received it already, there is in the mail to you a photograph, which may or may not, according to your viewpoint, make me more credible to your eyes. You say a few things I find extremely interesting, which I will probably respond to later on today or tomorrow, as they



require some thought. I would like to know if you have received the picture. Other than that I don't really require a comment on it. That would be up to you. The damage in the picture was done by long thin needles, and by an ice pick, which you may be able to find some indication of.

Rec 4/24/85. Played on Program 36.

mr. a asks about richie's background

I'm not going to comment very much at this point, except to say that there is something about your statement that has clicked in my mind, and I can understand what it is that you enjoy about what you do. I think, probably, that when I get the photographs I'm going to be somewhat upset if they are as you describe. Before I get upset I'd like to ask you a more general question which has been nagging me. I don't think you like, probably, to talk very much about your background. But I am very curious if you could give us any insights as to why you are the kind of person that you are, and do the things that you do. Early childhood experience, that sort of thing. Family background. I'd also like to know how all this fits into the other life that you lead. Are you, in fact, in banking, for example? What do you think about when you are writing a loan, or what ever it is you do in your job. I'd like to know what goes on in the back of your mind when you lead your ordinary life.

I liked your poem, and I would like to hear more. Also perhaps you could send me a drawing at that address. Other people have called up and wondered if there is any esthetic dimension to your pleasure in what you do.

Another time it might be interesting to hear a moment by moment, hour by hour, or day by day description of what actually transpires in your whole process of picking up somebody, taking them back, and holding them, and murdering them. What goes on.

I gather from what you have said

now, and in the past, that you are not now, nor perhaps will you ever be, willing to turn yourself in, commit yourself to psychiatric study under the authority of society. However, if you are interested in doing so ever, now or in the future, I might be willing to try and make that as beneficial as possible for you.

In the meantime, there is a particular distinguished psychologist who is interested in this project, who has, of course, heard your tapes. I might inquire of him whether or not there is any psychiatrist who would be capable of talking to you without your actually surrendering yourself to the authorities, although that might not be possible.

I didn't think I was going to say much, but I've gone on and on. Perhaps if I give you enough homework, I can keep you out of trouble.

Rec 4/27/85. Played on Program 36.

richie: answers, a poem, and a question

Apology? By now you should have received the photo. It is only one picture. I am not sending you pictures, as you mentioned. The one picture I am sending you is not as bad... well, not as gruesome as you may have expected. Although there is a lot of blood involved, there is a certain tranquility about it which I think you can handle. [Black and white reproduction of the color print on next page. There is a considerable amount of what may be blood on the trunk of his body, and there is a dark spot which may be a puncture wound. If there is damage to the genitals, the area is too dark to make out detail. On reverse, "Some of my handiwork #25 Love Richie". Also a note, "with love Richie". Envelope postmarked NY 4/19/85.] If you do not receive this picture let me know and I will send another copy.

I am also sending, or will be sending in the next few days some drawings. Most of them I did not do, but have collected. So you will see that there are other people whose minds are in the same area

that mine is. There is one copy of one sketch that I did do, which will also be included. You are absolutely right, I do not like to talk about my background. Although there are specific questions.... I will field them as I see fit.

One question you did ask is "How do both my lives mix, my banking life,"—and yes I am a banker—"and my sexual life? What do you think about when you're writing a loan, for instance?" Well, when I write a loan, in discussing accounts with a customer, that is what is on my mind. My sexual life, I think, is in the back of my mind, but, uh, so is yours. I mean, when you do what ever you do when you're not dwelling on your sexual experiences, I'm sure. The lives are completely separate, completely opposite, and I handle each one in turn. I do what I have to do during the day, and I do what I have to do in the evening.

Do I find any esthetic pleasure? Uhh, pain is an interesting thing. To maximize pain with minimum problems—after all I don't want the person passing out on me constantly, although there are ways of bringing someone around, basically with ammonia, with smelling salts which is ammonia. I enjoy bringing someone into a position of pain, and holding him at that level as for long as he can stand it. Pain in a human being is a lot different than pain in another animal. Human beings anticipate pain and they remember pain, so that it's much more intense in an individual, or in a human being. I don't think it's esthetic, no. To me esthetic means a certain.... Maybe it is if you think it is a certain art form. But I never thought of it as being esthetic.

Give you an hour-by-hour, day-by-day description? Nothing would make me happier than to do that. I enjoy talking about myself. My ego is such that I enjoy this line very much, as you probably can tell. Obviously, I've never talked to anyone else about this, and so this is a certain release to me, which I enjoy. But this really is not the time or place to talk about an hour-by-hour, day-by-day description of it. First it would take much too long. And even though what you put on the air or what you don't is up to

you, it doesn't really bother me either way. I just think that will be too long.

I will never turn myself in. As I told you before I have several ways or a couple of ways I've planned for getting out of this situation if the need exists. I would kill myself first before turning myself in. So that is out of the question, in my mind. I would very much enjoy talking to a psychiatrist, but I must remain anonymous like I do with you, which is going to be very difficult to set up.

I find it cute, your sentence about if you give me enough homework, it will keep me out of trouble. I think that is your naïveté showing through again. I will give you one more poem here on the phone, and again in a few days I will mail you a few poems. This for you more than anything. This I wrote a few years back:

You hate me and I hate you.
Or so we say, perhaps it's true....

Great! My mind just went blank, would you believe that.... Oh, I'll give it one more time:

You hate me and I hate you.
Or so we say. Perhaps it's true.
And yet, perhaps this bond we share
Is a type of love we bear.
When fate betrays you I rejoice.
You exult at my wrong choice.
And so to some degree
I live for you, and you for me.

As all men's lives ours too have run
In courses interweaved with none,
But those who have known love
and hate
Those can our hearts penetrate.
An enmity is less hard to bear
Than a world that doesn't care.
So cherished foe, my hated own,
Because you are, I'm less alone.

I have a question for you. You tend not to answer questions, and of course, it's your line, so you are free not to. Apology, is this what you expected when you started this line? And how are you handling it? Having any problems with it?

Rec 4/27/85. Played on Program 37.

mr. a gets mad

I'll answer both of your questions at once. This is what I expected and it is a problem for me. This is a problem because I feel completely ambivalent about you. I have always felt ambivalent about crime. I have a strong sense of outrage at social injustice, but I'm tolerant of individual wrongdoing, which includes my own petty wrongdoing.

Amongst the reasons I have focused on you, Richie, is that you embody the contradictions that I struggle with. I think we have a few significant similarities, and when I blank out what you do, I find you very interesting and likeable. Then you coolly say what you do, or I look at the photograph you sent me, and you blow me away. Because I can identify with your love of the hunt, or the slave/master fantasy, you're my personal embodiment of evil. I've had the slave fantasy, and I love hunting, and both of these things trouble me. I permit myself to hunt lower animals, and that's a moral compromise. But to enslave someone against his or her will is simply evil. So what if it turns me on sexually? So what? You claim you do not consider what you do to be evil. That rings entirely false, given your

intelligence and sensitivity. I could buy "crime of passion", or perhaps "symbolic revenge", or perhaps "killing what it is you hate in yourself". These are explanations, not justifications. No explanation can make kidnapping, torture, and murder right.

So forget justification. You're wrong. You're evil. Accept it. You cannot justify continuing that behavior. You can write about it, talk about it, you can analyze it, but you cannot do it. I have put out a query in regard to possible anonymous psychotherapy. I'll let you know what I find out.

Rec 5/9/85. Played on Program 37.

"So cherished foe, my hated own, Because you are, I'm less alone."
Was my inability to understand Richie's way just the boy scout in me denying the magnitude of my own predatory and sadistic impulses? Or despite the lesser cruelties I committed, was I still essentially good and he, evil, because of my conscious choice to stay on one side of a divide? Or were we just a couple of hominids tossed by fate onto the continuum between empathy and indifference to others' suffering? I needed Richie to find my answers and to make me look good. And I had the photograph ☿



A N O T H E R

UM My name is Jim. I, uh, didn't hear Ariel's remarks on the tape, but I read it in the Magazine and, uh, boy, it really had an impact on me 'cause I could relate to that exactly. Maybe not exactly, but very close, um, experiences growing up. I also had a mother who was very manipulative and malicious and very emotionally and psychologically abusive to me. And I... it really has affected my whole life, you know, in a way, because I became, in some ways... my personality became very inhibited, and I just have a lot of resentment towards her. I've had real difficulty in terms of, uh, relationships, and with other people, with members of the opposite sex, whatnot. It just became very difficult to deal with other people because she was so oppressive. I never wanted to bring any friends or anyone over to my house. I definitely never wanted to

bring any girlfriends or potential girlfriends to my house because I knew that, uh, even if my mom put on a nice face to them, I knew that as soon as they left or as soon as I was alone with my mom, that she would say all kinds of nasty vicious things, find every excuse to dislike whomever.

Uh, she was just a really hostile person. Yelled, screamed a lot. Was very hard to my father, was very difficult to him. He worked like a dog his whole life, would hand over his whole paycheck to her and, y'know, she would just treat him like dirt and scream at him, yell at him. I don't know how he put up with her. Married to her for over... now would be over... would have to be over forty years. Forty years.

Um, I mean, I remember at one point in my life—I think it was around 1969, or maybe '70, somewhere around there—my mom was—my dad worked nights—I

remember my mom, over a period of time she just wasn't [sigh] she, eh, I dunno, she wasn't—she, she purposely didn't—purposely wasn't, you know, feeding him, or wasn't giving him food. And he, you know, because he was giving all of his money to her, he really didn't have any money to go out and get anything at restaurants, and he just wasted away until he went into the hospital. He looked like a concentration camp victim by that time. And I mean that literally, that's not an exaggeration. It's a horrible memory. And when he got out of the hospital I guess she got scared or something, 'cause then she was better about making sure that he was fed and ate and all that. And then he... so he gradually regained his health. But, y'know, she still was very malicious to him in terms of saying all kinds of nasty, horrible, degrading things to him.

Did the same kind of stuff to me

n o t

yes this is John, and I really want to apologize to my wife of five years. And during the whole time during our marriage, I've been having sex with... men. I really don't consider myself bisexual—I'm more gay. I've been living a lie. I've been lying to her for seven years. I really care for her but I don't love her. And I just never want to be found out by my family. So, that's why I married her. Anyway, I just... I just really feel totally guilty about this whole thing, and... and I'm being pressured by my friend to leave her and move in with him. I just really don't know what to do. Because, if my family finds out, it'll be the end.

Rec. 1/17/94. Played on Program 195

this is a message to the last guy on this line, he said his name was John, he said he was living a lie, he was gay? Listen man, don't do that any more. It's your cowardice that's forcing a woman that you say you care about to live a life that's a lie. Don't be a chicken about facing your family. I mean, look what you're doing to this woman because you're afraid of what your family is going to say? You've got to be confident enough in yourself, and look: Every passing year is another year you're forcing this woman to live a life that's a lie. If you have any caring for her at all, you've got to get out of that relationship, and let her find someone who loves her for who she is.

And stop being such a coward about facing up to your family.

Don't force this falsehood upon a woman you say you care about. It's a horribly unfair thing to do. And you should feel guilty about it. And I hope that every passing year you force her to live that way adds that much more guilt onto what you're doing. So don't be such a chicken. Be a man. Say who you are. Be proud of who you are. Apologize to this woman for the years of her life that you wasted, and give her life back to her, and get on with your truth of who you really are.

Hope you play this Mr. A. Bye.
Rec. 1/21/94. Played on Program 196

hi This is for John who is married and he doesn't know what to do because he is gay: I think it's really important that you follow your heart and you follow yourself. You're a gay

E V I L M O T H E R

my whole life. No matter what I accomplished, no matter what I did in school, no matter what kind of jobs I had, no matter what kind of friends I had, no matter what I did. Eventually, I did make something of myself. I eventually, y'know, got through college and um, and now, believe it or not, I even made through law school, and fuck it, I'm an attorney, but she still is very controlling psychologically. One day, when I finally, uh, did find someone who'd wanna spend their life with me—I finally found a girl who wanted to spend her life with me—and we fell in love and got married, uh—we've been married for a few years now. But the whole time we were dating—the whole time since we've married—been married, my mother's just been, y'know, making—made her life miserable by just, y'know, occasionally saying some very cruel things to her that weren't true, or exaggerating flaws

in her, about her that were true or partially true or whatever, and y'know just making her out to be some horrible person. And other times I may be talking to Mom on the phone, or she may talk to me when I'm by myself or something and she'll find every excuse to say all kinds of mean, belittling things about my wife. Y'know it just drives me crazy. I don't know what to do about it, it's just extremely annoying. I'm able to deal with it better now. I've learned some techniques for being able to keep out the negative influences.

I mean, uh, that's, I guess, one of the things I did want to pass along to Ariel or anyone else who's dealing with this kind of crap from a parent. A year or two ago I came across a really good book. It's in paperback. It's called *Toxic Parents*. It's written by a psychologist named Susan Forward. And it had a lot of good suggestions in it. Real

concrete things in it about how to—if you're in a position where you from time to time have to have conversations with a mother or a father who's been psychologically abusive to you growing up or even in adulthood—uh, there's ways of communicating with them where you don't have to get into dealing with all of the headgames. There're ways of communication with them, giving ways of responding to all their negativity without dragging yourself into a big fight, or without putting yourself in a situation where you end up having to feel miserable all week over it. Because I had that same experience of, y'know, having a conversation with my mom over the phone and her dumping a whole bunch of abuse on me or whatever. And then I would start arguing with her, and then not being able to get over the conversation for a week, just like Ariel said. But I'll tell ya, this book

g a y

man, and you want to be in a gay relationship. And that's a central part of your being, of who you are. I think it's really important that you be honest with your wife. That you tell her, "Look. Yes, I've been living this lie for seven years. Yes, I've been sleeping with these men." She'll be devastated, she'll be angry, but you'll both have to get over that and begin your lives anew.

I think that if your relationship with this man is such that you would really feel good and comfortable living with him, I think that you should go for it. Follow your heart. Because you didn't say much but I can really get a sense from listening to you that you do have something with him. As far as your family goes, I know from experience that a lot of times we'll do things that will just make our families not want to have anything to do with

us. Or disown us. Or never want to see us, or deny us, or never speak to us again.

I disagree with you when you say, "This would be the end," because it would be the end of the lie that you've been living, it would be the end of this pain, this horrible baggage that's inside you, of having to hold all this in. Because it's just horrible to hold things in. It affects you physically, emotionally. By getting this out in the open: Sure, it's going to be devastating. But once you get it out, in the long run, you're going to be a lot healthier for it. You may lose the respect of your family, but you'll be gaining respect for yourself. And you might not think that now, but it's very important to be honest with yourself.

You know, you've got your family, you've got friends, you've got your wife, et cetera. We've all got our

people in our lives, our connections, but one thing I've always tried to follow: I was very emotionally ill as a teenager, and once I was coming out of that—I had been very dependent on various people, be it men, or therapists, or friends, or parent figures, or whatever—and when I was coming out of it I finally realized—and this is what I try to live by: You're with you when you're born, and you're with you when you die, and you're the only one who's always with you. There's no guarantee that anybody, I mean not even God—if you believe in God—there's no guarantee that anybody else is going to be with you for your whole life. You're the only one who is going to be with you for your whole life. So your first obligation is always to you. So again, I think it's really really time now that you... that you put this out in the open.

ANOTHER EVIL MOTHER continued

really really helped me because it gives ways of responding to those kinds of degrading and abusive comments. There're ways of responding where you don't, uh, end up feeling all drained and whatnot. It just has stuff in it that gives ways of responding that are nonresponsive so you prevent or detour any negativity and catch your parent off-guard. It kind of derails all their bullshit so you don't end up being dragged into it. By saying things to them that they just aren't expecting to hear.

Anyway, I'm sorry if this doesn't sound real authoritative, or real, uh [sigh] logical, or real well put together. As a lawyer, I guess I should be sounding more "professional." The article just triggered a real chord inside of me because I was just able to relate so much. 'Cause I just had so many similar experiences and it just, y'know, I... I never.... This is the first time I've ever called the Line for the purpose of giving a statement of my own. I didn't really ever anticipate calling the Line, but when I saw Ariel's comments, when I read them, it just triggered something inside me, and I just really felt a need—ever since I saw the current issue of the Magazine I felt a real need.... [talks off the end of the tape]

Rec.1/3/94. Played on Program 194

NOT GAY continued

I think just by calling this number that everybody has access to—this is the first time that I've ever called. I got the number out of Factsheet5. I think by calling this wonderful forum here where anybody can just leave anything—I think that you're at the point where you're ready for the words to come out of your mouth. You need to tell your wife. You need to get it out.

I would really be interested in hearing how it goes. I think you should definitely call back here, because I probably wouldn't be the only one who would want to know how it goes. I want you to know that I don't know you, but I'll be thinking of you. I really hope that in the next few weeks you summon up all the strength that you have within yourself, because you've got that strength. Follow your heart,

Hi ya. this is a message for Ariel. I... am a mother. Which, it seems, not many people on this line are. Not an abusive mother—although I actually didn't hear Ariel's message, I heard the reactions to it—so I assume that you had an abusive mother. And my best friend when I was a kid had an abusive mother. An out of control witch of a woman who unpredictably would just out of nowhere insult, or hit, or publicly hurt her children. And it's been for me—she's been for me a real role model of what not to be and how not to behave. But I remember as a child thinking, you know, as a little kid, thinking, "This isn't fair. They're not her property. They are people and they deserve to be treated like people." And at the time children were treated like property. I think you have to look at parenting as a job, and, uh, and your mother—not only should she have been fired, but she probably should have been fined, or imprisoned for, you know, misconduct or whatever—embezzlement of something precious—which was your childhood. So, um, I don't know... I don't think that you can forgive your mother for doing something so horrible but I also don't think that

follow yourself. And I'll be calling back, and waiting to hear from you. Good luck John. Bye-bye.

Rec. 2/21/94. Played on Program 196

hi This is Kate, and I'd like to say something to John who said he's been cheating on his wife with men for the last five years. I feel bad for you that you have a dilemma over this, but I have to tell you that you're a real coward, and you're putting a lot of people's lives in danger. It's cowardly and silly to think that people who care about you won't support your decision.

If you're afraid of your family, does that mean that you're an adult and you're afraid of what your mom and dad are going to say? This is your life and you have to take it

you can, um.... I understand feeling like you can't go on until you can forgive your mother. I think the only thing to do, if you can just say "YES! I've been cheated! I really have been cheated, it's not fair, but I have a whole lot of time ahead of me as well as the time behind me." That's all you've got, you know, and you can't—she deserves the blame. Blame her, but don't make that your sole activity, and I hope that things go well for you. Happy New Year.

Rec. 12/22/93. Played on Program 194

Hi this is Ariel. I feel really weird, well, hah! "good weird" I guess. I just finished listening to all the responses—at the end of one of the tapes it kind of got screwed up so I didn't get to hear the whole thing—but, Mr. Apology, I want to thank you for making a copy of all the responses for me and I will be sending my address to you, and I will, of course, be subscribing to Apology. I would just like to thank all the people who made responses. After I hear all the responses on the tape more clearly I'll be able to be a little more specific, um....God, everybody really did have something worthwhile to say, and since I called one of the callers mentioned that she remembers very

into your own hands and face up to who you are.

You also have a responsibility not just to yourself, but to the other people in your life. And to the people in your community. And if you can't say who you are and what you are, then you need to examine yourself. And you should just be by yourself. You shouldn't even worry about being with a man or a woman. But you really need to tell your wife. I don't mean to come down on you, and make this a really difficult thing for you, but you do need to tell your wife. You can tell her that you care for her deeply but you don't feel this is sexually prosperous for you, or however you want to put it. That you need something else and something different. But to continue to oppress her like that is just going to make you feel worse,

clearly the day that she told her mother to screw off, and it's the girl who's going to school to become a lawyer now, and I just want to say I hope she becomes the best lawyer ever, I'm really proud of her. Um, I think that that day occurred for me the day I made the call to the Line. And ever since then it's pretty much been uphill to the extent of being invited to my mother's house for Thanksgiving—she lives four hours away now, thank God—and refusing to go there. Adamantly refused and said, "I'm not going. I'm sorry." Her response to that was, um, "Well, I understand." And then a couple of days after Thanksgiving I got something kind of odd in the mail from her. Maybe deep inside she kind of understands what I'm going through because I'm convinced that she went through the same thing with her mother. She sent me a, uh,—I like to wear kind of funky socks—she sent me a bag full of funky looking socks, and it's the first time she's ever done anything like that—it's completely out of character. And um, while I'm happy that she did that, and if she is indeed trying to build some kind of a bridge, that's lovely, but I know what I need for my survival right now—there's a little love note inside it—something else that she

has never, ever, ever, EVER done. I promptly tore the love note up and threw it across the room, which may sound cold hearted to some people but it was my way of making a stand the same way maybe you make a stand against a lover who screwed you over one too many times and you no longer believe him.

So, you know, I've been... I... uh.... It's just really strange. I haven't been sleeping lately, not in a bad sense, but I just had all this energy up, and I've been writing short stories. I did two paintings. It's just like all coming out like this big rush. It's really fantastic. Another caller mentioned that I have a lot of anger inside me, that if I let it out, it might kill me or whatever? I think that's true. I think that's kind of why I made excuses for not going to more therapy. I thought, "Oh God, what happens when I finally tell somebody everything, um, what am I going to do? How will I react?" And so far it's been positive. It's been a little aggravating. And my friendships have changed drastically, which is for the better. I've kind of just wanted to spend more time with myself, and as I progress within myself I'll be able to reach out to other people I would rather be with—which, I guess, is a way of becoming un-codependent. I have a tendency to feel sorry for people all the time and I think that's what kept me from

breaking away from my mother, whatever you want to call it. It's like I can't possibly think anyone is bad, I can't possibly tell anyone to drop dead, or you know, it's just kind of out of my nature, and one of the callers mentioned that I seem to have this upbeat wonderful personality, and usually I do. Sometimes I wonder if it's kind of a cover-up in a sense, but I can't go around moping all the time. As another caller mentioned, I am taking care of myself.

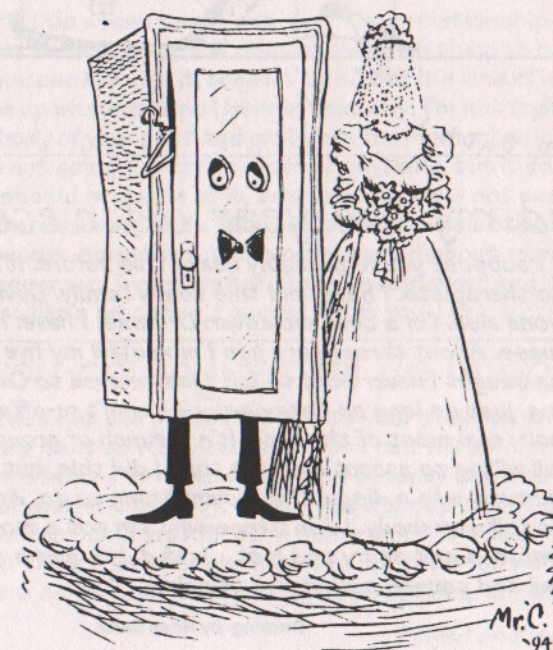
Um, oh, gosh, I'm trying to think of all the things people said... Um, the one guy who said his wife has problems similar to mine with her mother, but he mentioned that she's just sitting there with her covers pulled over her head? Well, I used to do that a couple of years ago. Fortunately I got out of that. And I have finally once and for all pointed the finger at her and blamed her for the things that she should be blamed for—just resolved in myself that it all really happened.

Well, I am going to write to Mr. Apology and that's all I have to say for now, and when I see the other responses I'll make further responses. I just want to say thanks to everybody, it's really helped a lot and I'll let you know what's going on with me. Bye bye.

Rec. 12/8/93. Played on Program 194

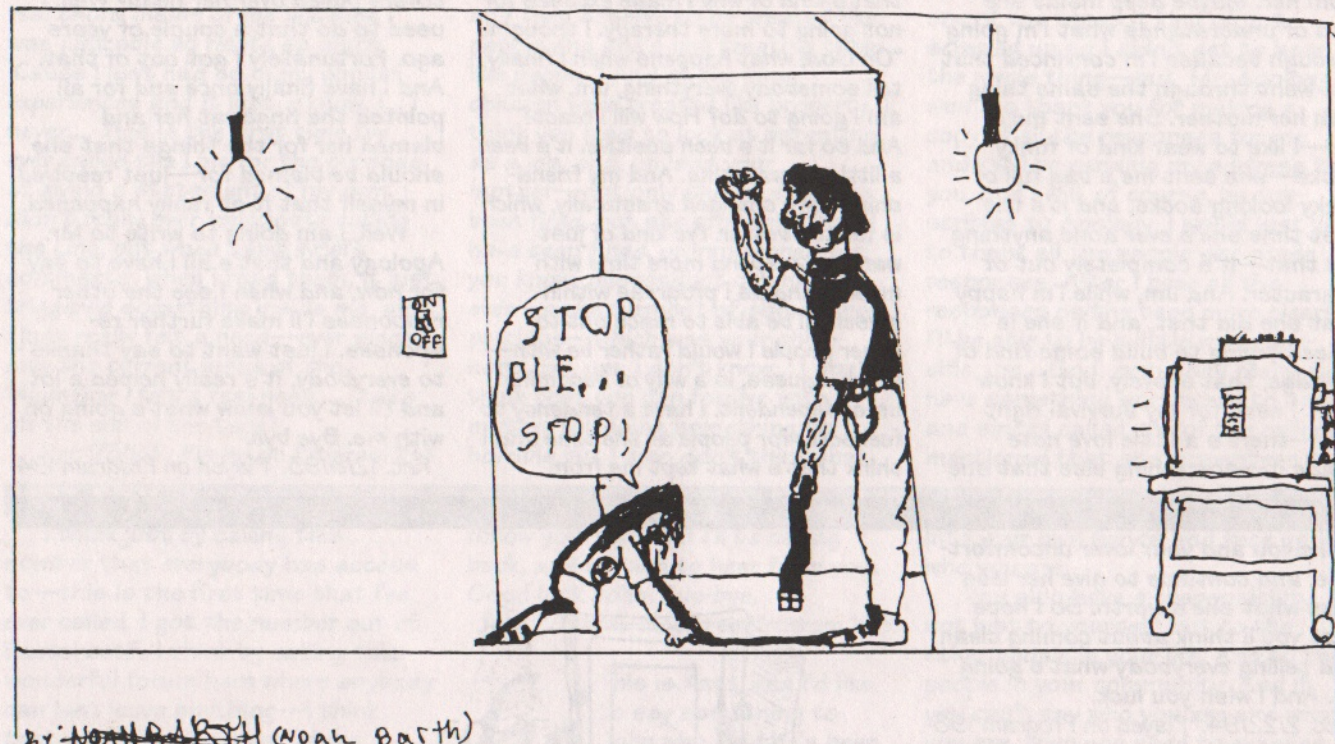
make you and your lover uncomfortable, and continue to give her less than what she's worth. So I hope that you'll think about coming clean and telling everybody what's going on. And I wish you luck.

Rec. 2/22/94. Played on Program 196



cm: *child molester*

Recently a man who calls himself CM has come back to the Line after an absence of a year-and-a-half. He never said why he chose those initials, but CM might as well stand for "child molester" because that's how he presented himself in the Summer of '92 when he was a major focus of the Line. Several years before, by his own account, CM sexually aggressed on his five year old niece. As you will read, it happened when he was consumed by feelings of abandonment, powerlessness, and anger, in relation to his parents. He describes how, once he had his niece under his power, his anger dissipated and he felt back in control of his life. He was eventually caught by his family, but not prosecuted. He was sent away, and he has pursued extensive psychological counseling. His case raises this crucial question: If he now sees the error of his deeds, accepts the burden of his guilt, and seems very unlikely to reoffend, should society allow him to disappear into its fabric? And now, CM is back and brings to us a related problem: He has a girlfriend he is serious about. Should he tell her about his past? And if so, when and how?



cm: i molested my five year old niece for almost a year

Mr. Apology: Well I suppose you've probably heard this before. It's the first time I've ever called this. I have told this to therapists. I have told this to my family. Obviously they know about it. But I've never told this to anyone else. I'm a child molester. Or I was, I have. I don't know what good this does, but it can't hurt, I guess. About three years ago I molested my five year old niece for a period of almost a year. After getting caught I never went to jail. I just moved to California. My family never pressed charges or anything, just as long as I stay away. I haven't re-offended. I've gone into therapy and worked on it. Therapy isn't really real most of the time. It's a bunch of group hug Hallmark card surreal nonsense and it just.... I mean they're all willing to accept the fact that I did this, but in the real world that doesn't happen. I'm sorry for what I did. I know it was a disgusting violent thing to do. And I don't intend to excuse it or rationalize it. I just wanted to tell somebody. I don't know why. I'm not a monster. I'm not an evil person. I'm a human being who was very confused and angry and just... just didn't give a damn about what happened to anybody and took what he wanted and caused a whole lot of pain.

Drawing by Noah Barth

Rec. 4/24/92. Played on Program 168.

After an absence of a year and a half CM called January 27th looking for some advice. Here's the call, and there will be advice, criticism, and more from CM in the next issue

should cm tell his girlfriend?

Mr. A, this should be a blast from the past for some people. I recognize Margo. And of course, Mr. A. It's been about two years, I think, since I called last. What has prompted me to call now—this may limit my response to my question, but I'm not going to go into my history. If you care to go into it in your introduction that's fine with me—but what prompts me to call now is, I'm in a relationship, and the basic question is: when do I tell her... about my past?

I met her about six months ago, I would say. And it's not to the point where we're considering marriage or anything, but we're dating regularly and exclusively, and it's hard to know exactly when to bring this up—let alone how, I don't even know if. I mean I feel like I should if it ever gets around to the point where there would be any talk about marriage, because marriage means children and that would be seemingly relevant. And regardless, it's important. I want to be honest with her, but I don't feel like I need to just tell everyone that I've ever met the minute I meet them. And the thing is, she knows who I am now, obviously. And she knows me pretty well, but she doesn't know everything. And the way it is at this point, she, like us all, isn't getting any younger. She doesn't need to be wasting time if it turns out that knowing this she wants to go elsewhere with her... plans. Obviously, the feeling is that if I tell her she is not going to be able to deal with it. And that will be that.

I don't have a well-stocked little black book. I do not have these kinds of relationships often. As far as something that has lasted six months and has been as important as this, this is the first one. She's not perfect, she's not going to judge me that harshly. I mean, everyone's done something wrong, but this is not a traffic ticket, this is not shoplifting. This is something a little more important. And not because it's a criminal activity, but because of the emotional relevance and the question of children. Because while it hasn't even come up as far as marriage or anything, the assumption is you don't spend six months going out with somebody and not think about it. And she's certainly not going to spend another six months going out with me if she knows it will never go beyond that. And it reminds me of my earlier question of a few years ago of whether it's possible for a person to have done what I did and then return to society as if—not as if nothing happened, but as if it's possible to just go on. And I've gone on. It's close to five years now. And I've gone on with my life. My past is still important, but it doesn't define my life day by day.

Another reason I bring up the issue of children is that I'm not going to have any. It's just that simple. I don't know, maybe that's just a rash decision, but it's not something I just decided one afternoon. It would be like an alcoholic running a bar. That's the plot of *Cheers*, but it doesn't happen in real life. Not that I would do it again, but I just don't allow myself to be in situations where the possibility exists. I mean there's no way to be completely isolated. I don't live with children, but I don't put myself in situations where I deal with them every day. And having my own children—I don't just lightly brush that off like it wouldn't be important—but I think there's a price you have to pay and that's it. And it's a pretty enormous price, but it seems to fit. I didn't just say, "Well, fine, then I just won't have children." This is a serious decision, and it's not something that I'm going to reconsider, really, but that's just the way it is. I'm not saying it should automatically be that way for anyone, but.... Well, I can go on and just work and live and do and be and whatever, but I just don't think that's something I'm going to do. And I think she needs to know that. And I don't know when to tell her. Part of me wants to do it on the first date—obviously it's a little late for that, but if this doesn't work out, then for a relationship in the future: When do I tell somebody? The ideal thing for me would be to preface the relationship with that: to have an understanding when we're going in that this is the case. "If you can live with it, then let's go." But it's kind of hard to use that for a pickup line, and I don't particularly care to use up what options I have in that way. I'm not trying to be dishonest, but you don't just drop the whole bag on somebody of your past and problems the moment you meet them. At least I don't. It is the past. As far as the future, it's not going to happen again or anything, but it does affect the future in such ways as not having children, and she should be aware of it, basically. And it's not easy to meet people and have relationships and find that special someone for anybody. This just throws a whole other monkey wrench in the gears because that's what I've done now: I've met somebody. We've never talked about marriage but frankly, I... I can't imagine anything else. I mean, this is the person. I've known her all my life somehow, and if it was up to me, you know.... Not entirely, of course, but uh.... I'd just like a response, I guess. Thank you. [Rec. 1/27/94. Played on Program 195]

mr. a to cm: maybe you could just fill us in some more

It's good that you called. You can test out the public reaction to your position since people who react to you can say just about anything they want to say. And maybe you can tell us more, like how old you were at the time, and what the actual circumstances were, and what you actually did, and what kind of therapy you're getting. Are you getting some kind of aversion therapy, or is it like a group talk-it-out kind of thing? Are you institutionalized in some way? Maybe you could just fill us in some more. It would be interesting to know. And it would be interesting to know if you think that there is much chance that you will re-offend. And that kind of stuff. You're completely anonymous here so you can pretty much open up. But, uh, thanks for calling.

Played on Program 168 with CM's first call.

cm fills in the picture

Ummm. It's me again. I called a few weeks ago about molesting my niece. Um. I'm not institutionalized. I was in a mental hospital for about a month before I came out here. Basically went straight from the hospital to the airport, and, uh, the therapy I'm getting now is through a church group. And, um, basically that's because it's the only therapy I can afford. It's, um... It does help. I've changed therapists, and the one I have now seems to be a little more realistic about things, rather than just the "I'm OK, you're OK" kind of drivel I was getting. I mean, I know that that's not how people really react. I would like to hear how people really react, because I don't know of any other way to find out what people actually think. I know a lot of people who would just like to see somebody like me just dead. There are a lot of people like that, but realistically, what do you think? Is there any way that a person, having done this, can return to normal society?

I'm never going to do it again. I haven't cured, or whatever. I haven't solved all my problems, but as far as what I do, that's up to me, and I'm not going to do it again. I have to take responsibility for that. And, um, I don't pretend that I don't... I don't.... It's not that I don't want to, or I don't have the urge. It's still there and I'm still working on it. But, uh, I don't know what to say, it's just not going to happen. I'm not going to let it happen. And I don't know what else to say about that. The only way to absolutely insure that a person will never do that again is to kill them. And, um, it's taken me three years, but I can now say that I don't feel that I deserve to die. I feel like I deserve to reap the consequences of it, and I have. My life has been torn to pieces by this; but obviously not nearly as much as the victim's, or as my family's, or as a lot of other people's lives have been torn by what I did.

But I never went to jail, it's not on my record, it's not going to haunt me forever, as far as that's

concerned. But it is going to be with me forever. Because I have to live with the fact that I did this. And regardless of the encouragement and the therapy and whatever, my family has not deserted me, and they're very helpful, and they're still in contact with me. And that all helps, but still, to realize that you're capable of something like this, you really have to convince yourself that there must be some reason to go on living. I guess that sounds pathetic.

Like I said before I'm not a monster. I'm not a perpetual repeating offender. It only happened... once. Not one instance, but one... victim. It's not going to happen again. The circumstances: I never raped her. I never... penetrated her. But, uh, to me that doesn't make a lot of difference. I never physically hurt her, but that's not what caused the pain anyway. And, uh, other than that, I'm just trying to go on with my life. I mean, what else is there to do? I can't do anything to take it away, or make it better, or.... I mean, I can't even say I'm sorry to the victim; but I think it would be best, and my family feels it would be best, that I just not have any contact with her at all.

Um... on the advice of my therapist, I wrote her a letter that I never sent.... I never intended to send it, but I wrote her a letter and tried to apologize for it. And it was hard to write it, because the one rule was that I couldn't try to explain it. I couldn't try to rationalize it, or say "I was this" or "I was that." It was very educational writing that letter and it took a long time, but I feel better having done it even though she didn't read it. I have written to her mother, who is my sister, and apologized. And she has.... Basically, for about two years she didn't really want to hear it or anything, but recently she has wanted to restart our relationship as brother and sister. I never expected that. I never thought I'd ever see her or speak to her again.

There's no justification for it, and there's no way of making it right. But the fact is that sometimes human beings do things that are terrible. And that doesn't necessarily mean that you put

them in a hole and say that this person is a child molester. I'm not a child molester. I'm a human being that molested a child. It's not all that I am. And I have to.... I have to.... I have to forgive myself. Not just say, "Well, it was OK, and it wasn't that bad." That's easy. I mean I was doing that the whole time that I was committing the act. During that almost a year. But forgiving myself by admitting that I'm not perfect, and also by admitting that I'm not horrible. That I just am a person. And that's basically what I'm working on. I guess I'm not really there yet. But that's the direction the therapy is going in, that's the direction my thinking is going in. I mean it's easy to sit around. I have sat around and written letters, and called myself names, and said I was this and I was that, and come up with every adjective in the book. But basically that doesn't get anything done. I mean if that's all there is to it, then why don't I just kill myself right now? Because there is no point in living if that's all there is to it. And that's the easy way out. Just to say that I am nothing but a vile monster, then fine: I'm a vile monster, and that's the way I'm going to live, and I'm never going to get over it. I'm never going to try to improve, or try to admit what I've done, or try to do anything. I'm just going to be a monster. The fact is, it's a whole lot harder to try and forgive myself, and try to be realistic, and realize this can happen, and that an otherwise decent person can do something that's terrible. And I guess that's about all I've got to say this time around.

Rec. 5/18/92. Played on Program 169.

mr. a is impressed

Well, that was quite a statement. You're certainly working hard to face up to what you did, and to change yourself, and to reconcile yourself to yourself, and to go forward. If you can't do it, then I fear for the rest of us. I would be interested in hearing—if you want to share it—that letter of apology you wrote. I like that concept of

apologizing without explaining or rationalizing. I think that's good. I'd like to hear that. But without meaning to lead you down the road of rationalization and excuses, I would be curious if, for example, you were molested earlier in your life, or where you think the behavior came from. Not the urges. I suppose we all have our urges, but why you engaged in that particular activity. If you have any insight into the causes I'd be curious to know. There's more I'd like to say, but we're about out of tape, so I'll leave it 'til next time. I'm sure other people will want to contribute as well.

Played on Program 169.

forgiveness? no... way!

Mr. Apology, I just got through listening to that diatribe by my wonderful child molester. Are we supposed to feel sympathy for this man? Are we supposed to say, "Oh, he's redeemed himself. Oh, he is now absolved of all his sins," like they have in the Catholic religion. That... is a load... of bullshit! In plain English. The man molested a child. He acted on an urge and did it! And he wants forgiveness? No... way! No way. The man should not be on this earth and living. Plain and simple. A molester is a molester. No matter what you say. If it was one kid, ten kids, a hundred kids, he is a molester. He is a molester. Not according to what he says, like, "I am a human who molested a child." WRONG! He is a man who is a child molester. Period. He will have to live with that stigma for the rest... of... his... life. And I hope he realizes what the hell he did. What he did was he took a six year old girl, and ruined her for the rest of her life. Taken away all her innocence. Taken away all of her trust in men. Taken away every thing that he... every sense of innocence.

Yes, a child may be attractive, yes there may be urges, but you don't fucking ACT upon it! What are you nuts? I mean seriously! It is unthinkable in my scope of mind that a man would molest a girl of that age—no yet a member of his or her family! No amount of therapy

will help him. No amount of therapy will change him.

I feel sorry for anyone who sympathizes with this man, because the man is a scum. He is one of the worst human beings on the face of the earth. He has taken away the innocence of a child. No one on this earth should be allowed to do that and get away with it. I hope... you rot... in hell, molester.

Rec. 6/3/92. Played on Program 170.

jc's anecdote

I had an experience last Sunday, and it's funny, I almost called up and mentioned it because it stimulated me and interested me. And, lo and behold, on this weeks program you have a caller with a related circumstance. This is namely pedophilia. Not that I have engaged in pedophilia. I haven't. I don't think I probably ever will. But the thought that occurred to me was—I think it was Masters and Johnson who said that children are sexually active, or are active in sexually oriented behavior, much earlier than puberty. I know this is true because, though I might have done some of that myself, I have an old girlfriend who was talking about how she was masturbating when she was three years old, and did this right along. And although she didn't attach it to any specific sexual meaning at that age, she still liked the feeling! I think that's where it all starts, right? That's why we do it.

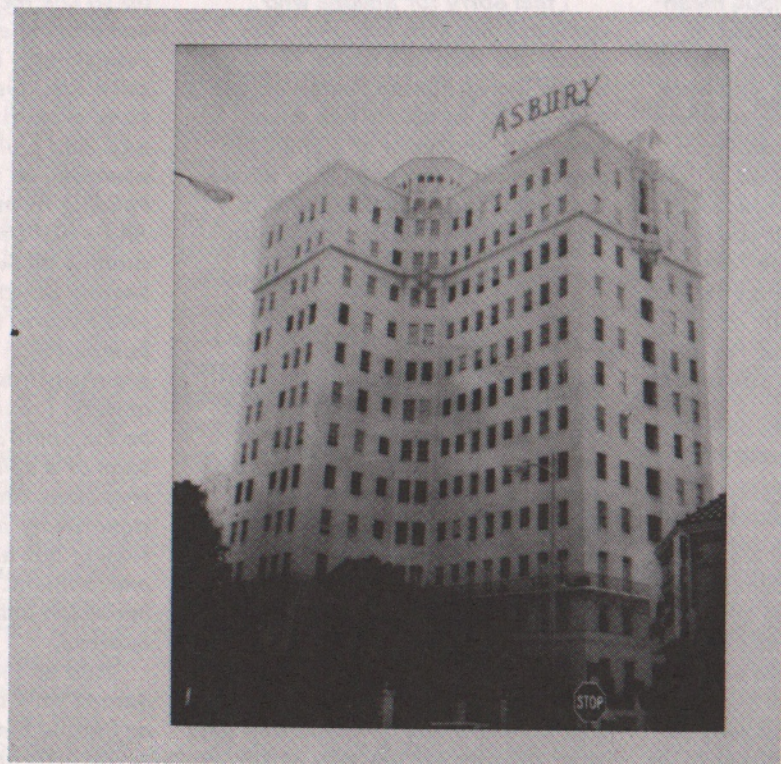
Anyway, I was in this gallery opening and there were some children there. I guess they were around the age of eight years old. Uhh, little girls. And, um, their parents were there, but the little girls were running all around the halls of this office building the gallery happened to be in. And... having a gay old time, taking their shoes off, getting there feet as dirty as possible because their parents were telling them not to, giggling, running in the hallway playing tag, hide-and-seek, whatever. I was just observing this. It didn't have any special significance to me.

I'm the kind of person who, when I go into any kind of building, I sort

of just, say, "case the joint". A lot of times, if it's possible, I like to go up to the roof of buildings just to see what the vantage-point is. Additionally I like to see where the exits are. Just to explore. Architectural exploration, I guess you could say. And I, uh, went over to the stairwell, on the other side of the building from where the gallery was. And since these little girls were running all over down the hallway, tearing down it like racing cars, it was natural that they sort of bumped into me. These little girls are really, really, uncorrupted, unwary. I realized how easy it could be for some adult to take advantage of a child, 'cause children are very open. Children are very, very, exploratory and interested in finding out about people and their environment. And they have no real inhibition unless they've been scarred.

And so I was like playing little games with them like hide-and-seek or I would hide behind the door and I would wait until I heard them whispering and coming up to the door 'cause they knew someone was behind it, and I could open the door and startle them. And it was all great fun. You know, this strange man just playing little games with these girls. I was just amusing myself, and playing with kids is kind of fun. Again, I didn't attach anything "that way" to it until I went around to the other side of the building, came out the stairwell there, and the littlest of these girls—I don't know how old she was—maybe six, seven, or eight—seemed to be the most uninhibited in her reaction to me. I came down from the stairwell, and she spied me there and she said something like, "Here I ammm!" or "It's me again!" and came right up to me without me prompting her whatsoever and hugged me around the legs! And, you know, heh, I was, heh heh.... At the same time I was kind of, I was kind of flattered! I was a little horrified because I was hoping, "Jeeze! I hope her parents don't see this, because I haven't brought this on. This is not my intent." Nonetheless, there is this little girl, she's hugging me around the legs, her head comes up to about my crotch,

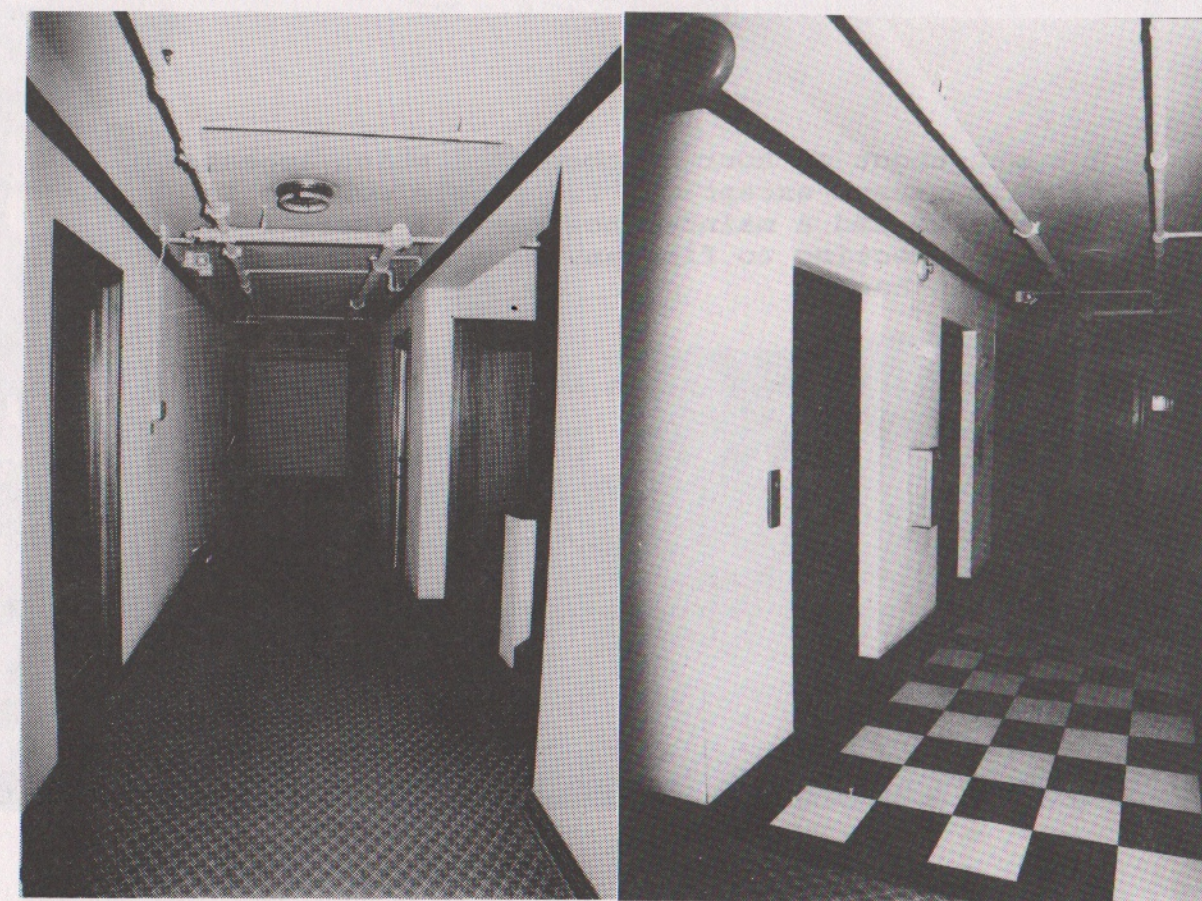
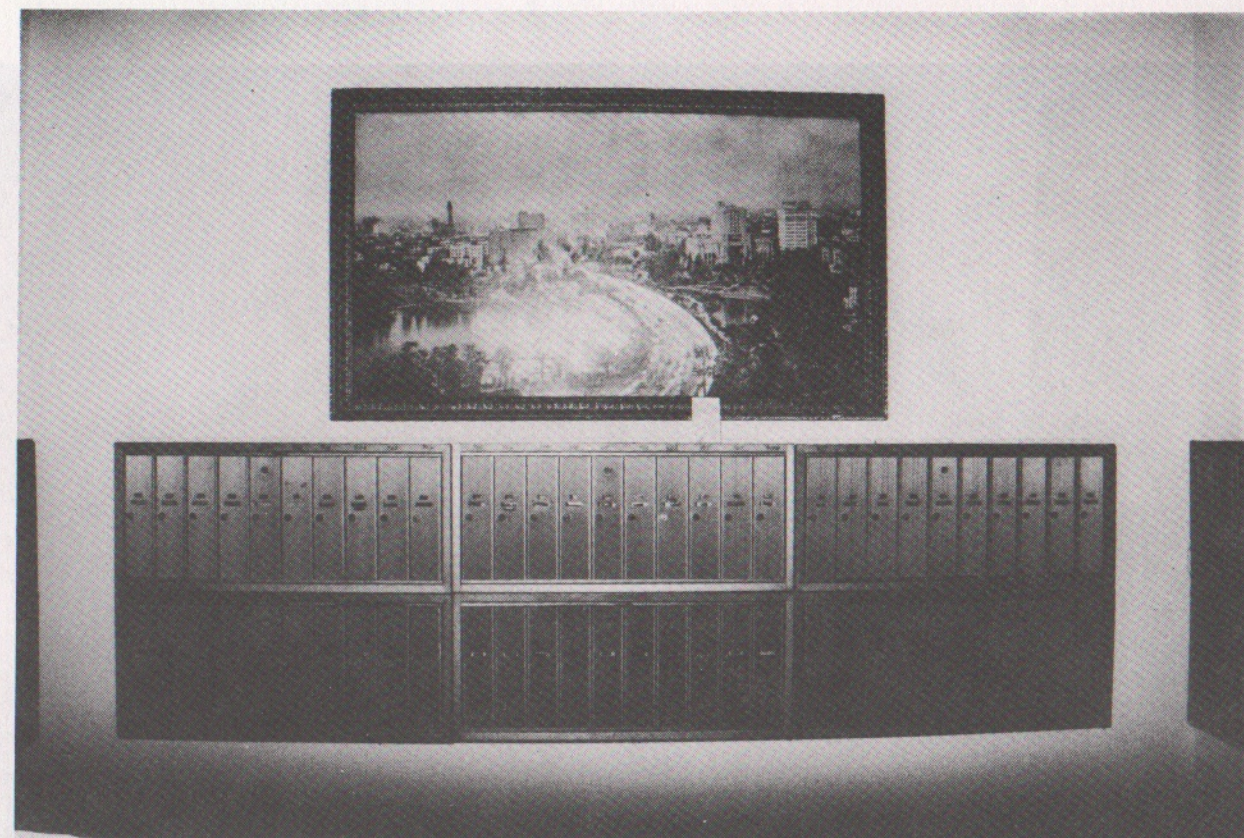
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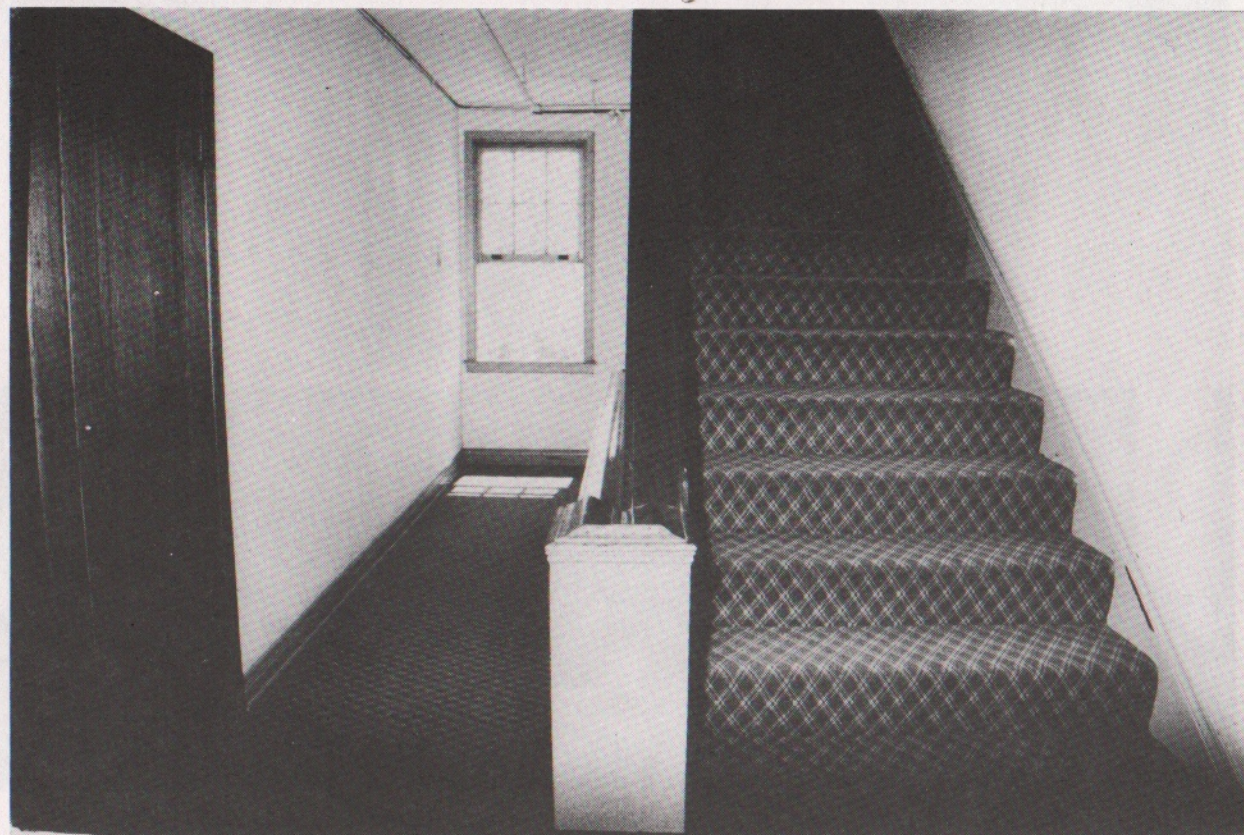


The Asbury-1975/1993

I first visited the Asbury, a residency hotel in Hollywood, in 1975. I was eight and my brother David lived there. It faces MacArthur Park, but my brother's room didn't. Last August, I was in Los Angeles for a week. Nearly four years earlier, David died as a result of AIDS.

I had a free afternoon, so I found MacArthur Park on the map and drove to the Asbury. Years after my first visit, I learned of my brother's history with heroin as well as the park's.





I spent about an hour in the hotel which appeared totally vacant except for two people working in the office and a maintenance man. I guess I wasn't expecting to find anything more than what I brought back.

It looks like a nice place to live, but I don't plan on visiting again.



A selection of some of the more interesting statements recorded on the Apology Line (212-255-2748) during the last quarter....

CALLS OF THE QUARTER

Thirteen Year Old Girl

I'm only thirteen years old, but I have a story to tell that most people wouldn't think a thirteen year old would have, but it's like about this boyfriend I was going out with. And my parents approved of him at first and everything was going along fine, until one day my mom walked in on us making out and, like, I was on top of him, no big deal you know. It's like such a little thing, but my mom totally blew up and said that I couldn't see him any more. So then I started skipping class and go to his house. I'd go to house, I'd skip school, and this went on for months, and, uh, we had sex, and I told my parents that I hated them and that I loved him and that he, um, he was all that mattered to me and like no one else mattered to me and I seriously thought about running away with him. And his father, would just let him do these things, if he said to his father, "Oh Dad, bring Christine over to the house we don't feel like going to school today." His father would say "OK son." And that's what they'd do.

So... and I used to just think, "Oh I wish my father was like that," but then I realized that his dad must really not care about him. And I'm so lucky to have parents that actually care about me. And I'm happy to say that I broke up with him a month ago and I'm going out with someone now who doesn't pressure me into sex... who, um,—well the guy I'm going out with now is basically a little church boy but... I really really care about him. And I thought that I was in love, I thought that everyone was wrong and I was right, but I've realized that I was the one that was wrong, and I'd like to say also if there is anyone listening who has children or, you know, are gonna have children, I want you to know that when your child reaches my age you don't think to yourself that they're going to have sex, but it's a possibility, and you should consider talking to your child about it 'cause I know that if my parent's talked more about it to me, I wouldn't have gone and experimented and stuff. I mean, I had to go to the gynecologist and take pregnancy tests. That's how bad it was. Thank God I'm not pregnant and I broke up with him before anything wrong was done and I took tests for different diseases and they all came back negative which I'm grateful for and so I'm glad my life is getting back right.

I almost flunked out the year because of how many days I skipped and I haven't seen my ex-boyfriend for a month. He doesn't feel like going to school. He says that the only reason he goes to school is to see me, and he loves me, and he says if I go out with anyone he'll kill them. But... I know that he's just full of shit, so

I don't take what he says too seriously. And I just wanted everyone to know, and Wow they make sex such a big deal, Wow, you have to have sex, oh, Wow, but if I could like rewind my life and erase what I've done, I would happily do it, because right now, I think that like I'd rather be a virgin now, and I'm so sad that I'm so sorry that I'm not. And I'd just really wish that I could like rewind and erase, and have sex with someone that I really love 'cause I don't really care about him. It was all shit, it was all bullshit, 'cause I never really loved him, and that's basically all I have to say. [12/20/93]

Miami Memories

Well, I was coming to work this morning, and I was reading a copy of Factsheet5 Magazine, and I saw Apology Magazine with a phone number in it, and uh, I'm here at work and I guess I first need to apologize for calling this number while I'm at work, 'cause I'm in Miami, Florida, I'm not in New York. So early this morning before I even started reading this I was thinking about something horrible I had done when I was like seventeen. I had, I don't know, two weeks of drunken debauchery and I did horrible things, um... At the time I was going out with a fascist surfer man who was in jail, and while he was in jail I sold his car out from underneath him for twenty-five dollars—I sold the car for twenty five dollars—to an ex-boyfriend which makes it even more worse I guess.

And uh, then one night we were all drunk and some people had passed out—these two men—and we tied the two men together and we did awful things to them. We painted their faces... we put tinfoil on their penises... it was a mess. And I probably owe them an apology although they might not remember it. And then when they woke up me and my friend laughed at them and told them that they got hard-ons. It was pretty bad but, mostly it was for selling my boyfriend's car while he was in jail, I guess that wasn't really a nice thing to do. I lied to him and told him that it got towed away and I didn't know where. Um, so anyway, that's the apology from Miami, Florida. [12/21/93]

Angry Devil

I am going to take everything away from everyone of you that considers themselves lucky. I am going to take your luck away from you. I am going to stretch out my hand. I am going to reach it right into your god-damned scum sucking lives and PULL everything you think you have away from you. I'm gonna pull your babies down by their scrawny little fucking ankles down



sharp sticks. I'm gonna make your world HELL ON EARTH. You think it's bad now but it can get a lot worse. You think you're so goddamned good, and everything we do is SHIT that comes out of our HEADS. Well I've got some shit coming out of my head straight at you, and I am NOT sorry for the things I'm gonna do to your world. I am NOT in the least bit sorry for the shit that your world's gonna take from me because I'm gonna give your world exactly what it's given me and I'm not the least bit sorry for any of it. FUCK APOLOGY! Fuck MR. APOLOGY! Fuck this whole apologizing bullshit! Fuck you and FUCK YOUR CHILDREN. [11/11/93]

Angry Devil is a Lover

I just have a quick comment about the "Fuck you Apology" guy that was the first message on 255-7714 I believe. I don't know if anyone else gets this feeling, but whenever I hear really nasty, angst-ridden stuff like that, like hate rock, like speed death metal—I don't know, I was just reminded of those types of music when I heard this guy just bashing the Apology Line and.... I don't know, whenever I hear stuff like that it just tickles me. I think it's so hilarious that someone would expend so much energy to show their hatred, because hatred in all forms is just the exact reversal balance of love. You know, everything has its balance; yin yang and all that, but I just think it's so ridiculous that while these people are hating these things they're showing just how much they really care. So, uh, to that guy, man, I mean, Jesus Christ, eat some Fruit Loops, or watch TV or, you know, breathe or something, because you've just got so much lovin' that you need to get out of you. [sigh] Oh man, I hope you have a good holiday. Happy Kwanza everybody, Christ! [12/14/93]

Greeneyes

Yo! what's up Mr. Apology? Ahem, this is, um, you can call me Greeneyes. It's what a lot of my high school friends call me, Greeneyes. I would have to say that I'm a—let me turn this down—I'm a real destructive person. I get into a lot of trouble. I'm, um, kind of young—still in high school—but old enough to know better. I do really horrible things like—but, I mean like, I don't do it just to be destructive. I do things for fun, you know. It's like fun to, um, [laughs] grab a garbage

Fortune Cookie of the Quarter:

© Life is a tragedy for those feel and a comedy for those who think. ©

can, roll it down the street, you know, stick your arm out the window of a car, grab a garbage can, just roll it down the street to a car—watching the headlights bust or something [laughs]. Or like, go to a big parking lot and check cars, and take like tapes and stuff out of it [laughs] which is always, uh, interesting.

But, I was listening to this guy's message, I didn't catch his name. He was talking about ripping off his roommates for money for a lease or something, and he said something to the effect of "You reap what you sow," or something like that. And, um, that kind of hit me—like whoa!—stuff like that could possibly happen to me when I get older. People won't actually do things like that to me, 'cause, I'm like crazy, you know, weird. I'm not like psychotic-crazy, I'm just like a fun-loving crazy. You know, I've just, like, got this big group of friends that just like go out and do like horrible things, but we think it's just the funniest thing in the world. And my friend, let's call him Brett, is always saying, "I feel bad about taking this guy's wallet" or something, you know, "out of his car." I'm like, "Oh, no. Cool," and like, "...a calling card, or money blah blah blah, a fake ID..."

Anyway, like, I just, I don't know, I got to thinking—this is the first time I've called this tonight—and just like, running a key down someone's car. I would hate for that to happen to me. I mean I would hate to... for any of this shit that I do to happen to me. Like, for someone to spray paint on my house or something, or put wax on my windshield, or toilet paper my trees and bushes. [laughs] Just crap like that. Or throw a rock through my window, or something horrible. We've even, just for kicks.... He had this big-ass bumper on the back of his station wagon and we would just like stop in the middle of a dark street and, like, just slightly run into the car on the side of it, and like crush in the side [laughs]. It was the funniest thing, I swear. You can call me crazy but we get a kick out of it.

Um, I was just thinking, like, if something happened to me like that—of course insurance would take care of it—but like, I don't know, that would just be like, horrible. I don't know, I... I really got to thinking about it. I don't know, maybe I'm repeating myself, but.... Oh wow!

I'm into this hacking and phreaking stuff which probably depletes the bill from someone else. Um, not "deplete," but whatever... whatever I'm trying to say. And, uh, yeah, I'm fraudulently calling this line right now. Of course, I wouldn't sit here for—I wouldn't call all three of your lines, listen to all the messages and then leave messages and have to pay for it. That's stupid. I've ways around that. And I do computer—I'm a computer hacker, phone phreaker—whatever you want to call it. We recently went to the Manhattan 2600 meeting at the Citicorp Bank. Pick up an issue of 2600 Magazine wherever you can find it. It's a hacker quarterly. It's real interesting to read if you're interested in that kind of stuff.

And just all the bad things I do like that, hacking PBXs, stealing people's VMBs—voice mail boxes—social engineering people's calling cards—people are so gullible, I swear. But, I don't know. I would leave a way to

get in touch with me but I really don't wanna take the chance. I can leave like a VMB but I don't know, you can reply to me I guess, whatever. I guess lots of people do that anyway. Um, I don't know, I've lost my mind. I guess that's about it, eh? I wonder how long it takes this thing to get put up. I don't know if you screen them, put up just some of them or all of them or what? This probably won't get put up because I'm just kind of babbling, rumbling, rambling on. Whatever, but, anyway, it's been fun. I'm out. [1/19/94]

Information Super Hateway

Sun Devil—I think that was his name—who was talking about computer bulletin boards reminded me of something that I've wanted to apologize for since it happened. Um, this happened when I was in high school. Um, there was a computer bulletin in my home town that was, uh—about half the people that used it were gay men in our town, and then the other—they were like people who were like, in their thirties and forties—and the other half were guys in high school who were mostly heterosexual. And, and uh, a lot of them—or I guess I should say us—were pretty homophobic. And, uh, a lot of times, uh, we would use the anonymous nature of the bulletin board to make fun of the gay men.

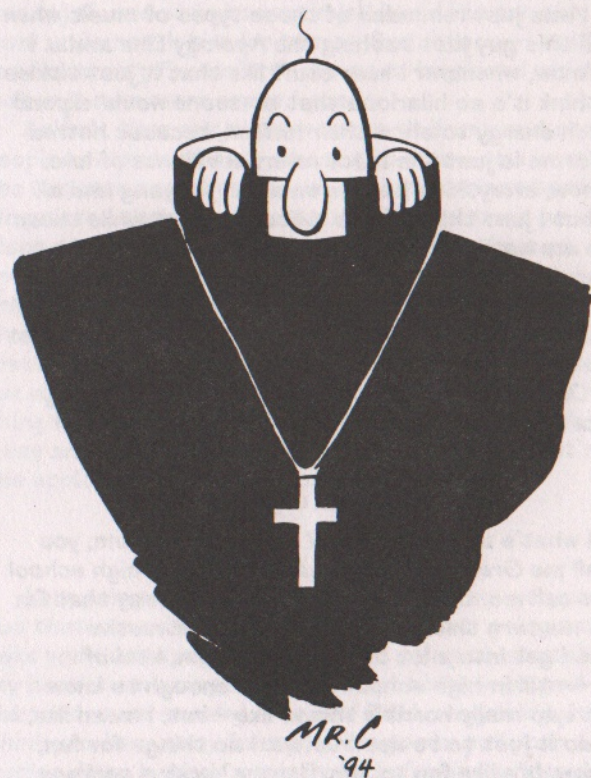
And, uh, like what we would do is log on with a fake ID, then... there were different things that happened. Like we would, a lot of times we would sort of, um, we would log on with like, a, a gay—a supposedly gay—ID, and then get in a conversation with a man and sort of lead him on. And then, we would like make fun of him or just sign off or something. And, um, like some specific things that happened were, uh, one time, um, I was at a friend's house with a couple of other guys and we were introducing the bulletin board to a guy who had never done it before. And he, uh, used this—he logged on with a fake, supposedly gay ID, and uh, he was sort of leading this guy on. And then, uh, and then he said, he typed, "Shut up faggot!" I think, and... and he just logged off. And uh, I didn't say anything to him about it. You know, that he shouldn't do that, and in fact, I probably laughed. And then later on at my own house, I remember letting someone use the bulletin board and do the same thing: just lead someone on and like create this weird, uh, fantasy with this guy. You know, just for my friend's amusement. And, you know, the other person was taking it seriously. And I think that I probably did that too.

I would like to believe that I wasn't doing it really to be mean, but more like just, uh, playing with my own fantasies about that, or whatever. But still, it was wrong for me to let my friends do that and to do it myself. But, uh, you know, later on I became sort of an advocate for the other side of things and, um, I even like, I would lecture the younger guys on the board about being tolerant of other people's ways of life, and, you know, I tried to like foster communication between the two groups on the board—between the gay men, and the high school kids. But, you know, but I don't

think that's an excuse for, for what I did. Uh, that... that's all I want to apologize. Thanks. [1/4/94]

Stole priest's garb, assumed rôle

I was out in Phoenix, Arizona, uh, quite sometime ago, and I pulled up to the, uh, country club there. I had been going through cars. I'd go through their glove compartments and stuff, and I found one that looked like it had some stuff in there. And, uh, it looked like there was a black, uh, coat that looked real cool, so I decided I'd take that. And so I grabbed it and some other stuff in a bag that was in the back seat. And, uh, I took off to Provo, Utah, after that. When I got to Provo, Utah—'cause I had two twin sons that had been taken away from me because of some photographs I had done of them, and which were misinterpreted as being risqué, and anyway, I realized when I got the cape—or the coat—the coat wasn't just a regular coat. It was a priest's cape or his cloak, or whatever, that I had stolen. And I felt bad about it at first, and then I kind of felt interested in it, and so I put it on to see what it would feel like. Then I started going around and I took on all the attributes of a priest. And I heard some confessions, and, and, you know, tried to, you know, make people feel better. I didn't think I was doing anything bad because I was making them feel better about what they were doing. And, uh, and now, you know, after hearing some of these other people confess, I kind of feel bad about what I did then. So there it is, I don't like it either, but there it is. [12/30/93]



Eric the Barbaric masquerades as priest

Hello, this is Eric the Barbaric, from Durham, North Carolina calling again, and I've done something very bad. And I need to apologize for it. And, uh, I don't know how I can say this, but uh, I found a catalog where I can buy priest's outfits with like collars and all kinds of robes and shit, and sometimes I go out into public wearing them with a collar and everything. And, like, I'll try to go to a restaurant and stuff and get better service and, uh, or try to get weird people to suck my cock because they think I'm a priest. I don't know what people think about this. I mean, I'm just doing this to, you know, really fucking rub their nose in it 'cause you know, to me the Catholic Church is a huge corporation that just fucks people up the ass. They tell the Mexicans to have as many children as possible, right? So they can live in squalor and suffer like hell, you know? That's the way I look at it. So they can have so many children—they're always pregnant, they can come up here and do anything they want to. It's so pitiful. How can a pope—a man of God!—allow people to DO SHIT like this. It makes me MAD AS HELL! Eric the Barbaric does not like shit like this! Goddamn. It makes me mad as hell. You know, I just wanna like pull somebody's eyeballs out with a corkscrew.

You know, Mr. A. has verified my address. You know, but is there a law against dressing up like a Catholic priest and going out in public and like—I mean, I don't go around to churches or nothin' I just go out in public, you know, and uh, I never tell anybody I'm a Catholic priest but they always give me more courtesy because I dress that way. And I think that makes a very big social statement myself. But, uh, it's really weird man, I think it's fuckin' really weird shit. You know, I can go into a fucking restaurant and get service before anybody else. I can go to a fuckin' store when you know, something that I bought broke or something and bring it back and they won't even question me man. They'll just take it and change the money back. I mean is that a fuckin' crime? Is that a FUCKING crime?! I don't think so. I think it just shows, you know, it's like people are sheep, people are just stupid fucking animals that shit and piss and suck cocks. That's what I think.

But I would... I'd like to know how other people think about this, you know? See, I'm calling on line number three I believe, so perhaps I'll call back in a week or so or whenever I call back. I live in North Carolina see there's a lot of rubes around here. There's hardly any Catholics. But they always know what the collar means, they're real smart about that. I think it's a really fucking sad thing when it has to come to this kind of shit. But um, if you'd like to write and complain, write: P. O. Box 61274 Durham, North Carolina 27715-1274. Mr. Apology has already authenticated that I am who I say, so I've had another message out there. But I mean, this is a really big issue with me. I mean, why in the hell should people like these scumbags go around doing shit like this, when, y'know, I see all these preachers coming around, fucking people up the ass, in the mouth, to

get—they sue the Catholic Church and the Catholic Church does all this and that, stuff like that. And I have the address of a place that sells all kinds of garments for any kind of—any kind of religious order. I mean, they have robes, collars, anything, man. I mean this is a big issue, man, it needs to be addressed. But please consider what I have said. If you feel like it write to me. Thank you. [1/31/94]

Apology to Freddy who died of AIDS

I go to a, uh, a medium sized university in the Midwest, and drinking is kind of a rampant thing here. And, uh, I'm pretty much a regular drinker. I've been drinking for a very long time now—since my teenagehood started I guess. Now, I'm in my twenties so it's very much easier for me to do it... And a few weeks ago I suffered a loss of a friend who has been afflicted with the HIV virus for quite some time, and he finally passed away.

And, so, my apology is twofold tonight. On a deeper sorrowful note, um, I really need to apologize to my friend Freddy, because I was not with you when you died, and I never promised I would be, but, uh, we had a very close-knit circle. We did travel together. We got into a lot of trouble together. And, uh.... Well I don't know if anyone would be willing to die with each other. There was just a huge amount of guilt for me, when I got a phone call, and heard that, you know, billions of miles away, one of my best friends just... left. You know? And I've talked to some people—kind of in the abstract—about these things since I haven't been really able to confront my feelings. But I'm guessing right now that guilt is just part of some people's grieving processes.

I was going to apologize because I haven't cried for Freddy. I didn't cry the day of the cremation and memorial service. I didn't cry on World AIDS Day, when that happens—and I had a lot of memories that day, just seeing a lot of people, seeing shots of the quilt—you know, going to an AIDS foundation and seeing people—I just had so many memories and I couldn't cry for anything, you know. And this surprised me because usually, I mean, Kleenex Tissue ads will make me cry, you know? I'll see like a dead squirrel in the middle of the street and I'll start crying, but I haven't been able to cry since I heard Freddy died. You know, I was going to apologize for that.

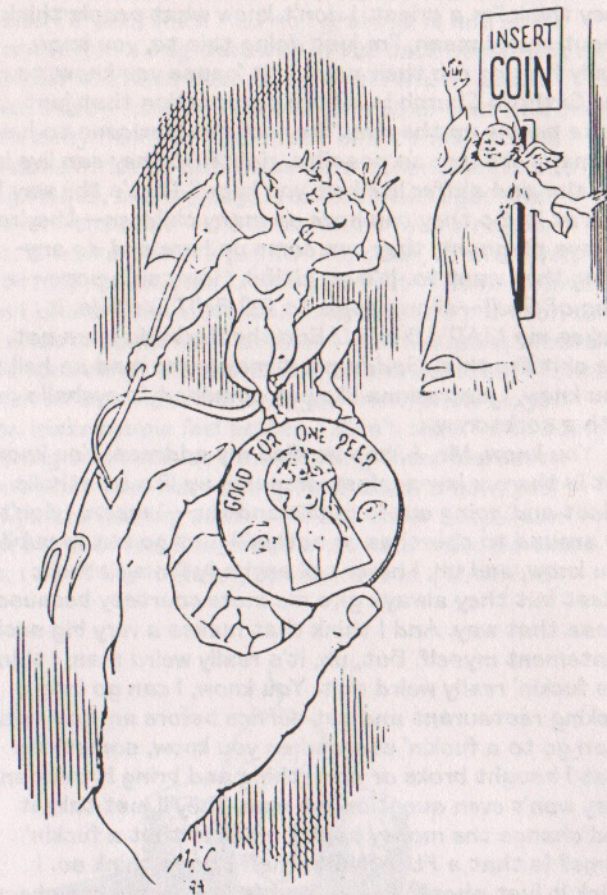
I think what I am ready to apologize for and to own up to is my ridiculous behavior up to this point. I spent a week getting very, very, high, and very, very, drunk after I heard Freddy died. And some people would pass that off as part of my own grieving process. I don't know if it's right, I don't know if it's wrong, it's just something I did. But I feel disgusted for it, you know. I don't think that I should have been out drinking. I mean, I have Irish roots in me, but that doesn't give me the right to go out drinking. I was out this one Tuesday night at this place called "Tom's" and I walked in and like slapped down a ten dollar bill and told the guy to

give me as many Rumpelints as he could. In like three seconds, you know, and the guy's pouring them out for me, and I'm just downing them. And of course I'm a woman, you know, so the old regulars at the bar are just staring at me and I feel their eyes piercing at me and they're all thinking "Jesus Christ, this girl's really going to get it tonight," you know? And I vaguely remember like three hours later, I'm sifting through the trash in the back of Tom's. And, uh, while my buddy back there is trying to get me out of the dumpster, and saying, "Come on, come on. I'll drive you home. C'mon, you're in no condition to do this." And before I got in the car, —this is almost hilarious, actually—I took a gas cap, an auxiliary gas cap, off one of those huge flower vans, you know. And I just sort of gave it to this guy who drove me home as some sort of memorial gift. Just like, "Oh, here. Here's a gas cap."

I mean I realize that people get drunk all the time. I realize that people get high all the time. I mean, I do it too. But, you know, if there's a big reason I guess it's OK. But I know the reason I was doing all this was just to... forget. And I don't think that's right. I don't think that while so many people are dying of the same disease that Freddy did that I should be able to forget now, you know. I don't think it's right that I should be able to wear one of those tiny little red ribbon pins, and, you know, scream about how pharmaceutical companies need to make more progress, and that would do it, and Freddy would be at peace. I don't think that's right at all. And I don't think one day of like lighting little candles and putting little signs in our windows, I don't think that that's any justice. I don't know, and, I remember my father once said—in his own little way—he said, "Well, you know, this whole AIDS thing, it's gonna take someone really big..." And he referred to how they never had a cure for polio until Roosevelt, you know, had it. And then suddenly—finally—they had this vaccine, you know, because like a major figure had it. I don't know... I don't know if that's right either. I'm just a student, you know, I guess we all are, but, uh [sigh], I mean, I don't know, I apologize for my behavior. I apologize for my lack of action on this point. I know a lot of people are doing a lot less than me, but I just think that with the information I have I should be doing a lot more. Um, I apologize for having, you know, ridiculous bouts of behavior, and feeling guilty for myself, when so much stuff is going on. I mean, I almost feel like I shouldn't be taking up the time on this Line, but I know I am. So, I don't think I've prompted any sort of revolution about this, and I don't think I will for a while, but um, all I know is that I'm gonna have to keep working and I'm gonna have to keep helping people that have AIDS and can't help themselves anymore. And hopefully, I can convince maybe some other people on my campus that AIDS is not a gay disease. I mean, can you believe that? I know you guys are all in New York there, but, [sigh] maybe I just picked like the most backwards county in the world to spend four or five years in, but, uh, there are a lot of backwards people in this area, which really doesn't help me at all. But, uh, if anything, if one person lives longer, feels better, then I'll feel better. I don't know. I hope Freddy's OK. Peace to you. [12/14/93]

New Year

Um, I'd like to apologize for being... nothing. It doesn't seem like I've ever done anything to affect anyone in a good way at all, and it's not like I've done anything terrible, it's just that I haven't done anything that great either. And I feel like... like I'm not as great as I could be or should be and... and it's like... like nothing. It's like... it's like just being a piece of shit. It's like I've never... never affected anyone in a good way. I've never.... I just want to apologize, and I don't even know whom I'm apologizing to. [1/14/94]



Drawing by Mr. Cartoonist

P. C. hubby habitually haunts the peeps

I can't believe I listened to the whole tape calling from Chicago. I wanted to apologize to my wife who hopefully can't hear me through the bedroom wall. Uh, I wanted to apologize because I've had a lifelong habit of going to peep shows and going to see women with their clothes off. And it's not a socially polite thing, and I really hope nobody ever finds out about it. Certain people in my life have known about it and they've been not supportive but they've been cautionary and wondered what I was about. I wanted to just apologize to her because I still do it and I can't say I won't in the

future, and I should probably also apologize to those women, although I always make the justification in my head that they're working of their own free will. And I really hope that that's true. Sometimes you wonder but, uh, they should be apologized to. I'd be interested to hear if there's other men that do this and what they think of the activity. I think it's degrading and a waste of money and a really weird thing to be doing. Yet, I'm still drawn to it... and... I owe her an apology. [12/12/93]

Swing out and touch-type someone

I went on a trip. Two holidays, two different holidays, I went up with my son to my parents' house. And when I came back, um, there were obvious hints around the house that my wife had not been home for several days. So, I confronted her about it, and she admitted that she had started seeing a guy. [sigh]

I've always been open-minded about sex... so, while it actually upset me to know that she was seeing a guy, uh, I didn't want it to go on. But I had no reason to stop it other than the fact that we were married. She had had affairs before, and sometimes they were with women and we would both have sex with them. Which was really nice. It was really nice for both of us. And this was with a guy, so I wanted to be just as open-minded, but, uh, it secretly enraged me, and I didn't like it at all.

So, I haven't done anything about it, I've just—I've gotten used to it. So I guess I internalized, or got rid of, my anger. I really should be fair about it—if she's gonna have sex with women, why shouldn't she have sex with men? As long as it's safe, nobody gets hurt, everything is... cool.

And, we have opened our relationship. I can have sex with another woman if I want to, which is something that I really, really, REALLY like to do, because, God knows, I'm not having as much sex with her—and I NEED a lot of sex. [sigh] That's where the computer comes in. [chuckle] Yeah, that's about the only sex that I've been having lately. Keyboard sex. Using all ten fingers, "Ooh, ooh, oh!" Well, it doesn't really make it. It's not like touching someone and kissing someone. That's what I want to do.

So what do you all think? Should I ask my wife to stop her affair? Should I have an affair myself? I wouldn't hide from her, as she hasn't hidden hers from me. As a matter of fact, she met the guy through the computer. Um, what should I do? It bothers me that they're together, that she's over there two nights a week. Her heroine, by the way, is Patricia Ireland, the head of NOW, who has a husband in Washington and a lover in Northern Virginia, and she spends a couple of nights a week away from the house. And this was.... I knew that she was attracted to this kind of life-style years ago. We do have a fairly open relationship and I don't feel too comfortable with what she's doing. Is it my place to complain as the husband? Or is it my place not to complain because it's her life? That's my question to the general public. [1/16/94]

Heart on sleeve

Um. Recently I, uh, I broke-up—well actually I didn't break up—that's very self-congratulatory—um, I was, uh, *dumped*—I think that term still stands—by this person I was very, very VERY much in love with. Um, and her rationale was—and it was a rationale that I apologized several times for—was that I was... myself. And the question of apology, and who should have given one, if at all, comes to play because, should I have apologized for "Being Myself" which apparently was extremely draining and taxing and otherwise debilitating? Because, I am just an extremely intense person. Which she seemed to find rather amusing at first, but then, as it wore on, she didn't like it. Should she have apologized to me for falling in love with someone who she basically saw as an image on a bus stop somewhere?

It... it's completely incomprehensible. I can be as all-knowing, and cynical and sarcastic about human nature as ever, but yet, I don't understand why if you love someone and you want to show all that you are, why is that something that's unlovable? Because, ultimately that's what it came down to. Penultimately that's what it came down to. Basically, that's.... I just don't understand. It's difficult to understand because—I suppose if I did I would figure out whom to apologize to. I apologized to her friends for "monopolizing her time," quote-unquote. I was apologizing all over the place. Now, now that the bonds have been.... the life raft has been deflated completely, I don't understand if I should have been apologizing or not. I... can't bury the feelings that I have for this person. I can't, I can't lose the spirit, I can't lose the feeling. I can't bury those feelings anymore because I've done so in the past, and it's... it's a therapist's WILDEST fantasy to delve-into, I'm sure. But I don't... I don't understand if I should be sorry for being myself, or if she should be sorry for rejecting me because I was myself. Sorry that she lied, or otherwise.... Oh this sounds so incredibly mundane, it sounds so "Fifties," I'm almost ashamed to admit. And is it wrong to still be in love with this person? Is it wrong to still want to keep the spirit, to keep this feeling and not let it go? And not want to love anyone else? And, of course, it's extremely early, I'm saying that out of some sort of poetic falderol, but I don't want to love anyone else. And I don't want to apologize and I don't want to expose, and I don't want to... I don't want to be a showroom dummy, I guess. But, is it wrong to still be in love with this person? Even after all that she's done that has engendered all these cries of "Sorry," and "I'm sorry, very sorry," and apologies and... [sigh] I mean, is it wrong? I don't understand.

I don't know if I'll call again, but... it would be interesting to see... if I should have been sorry for being myself. For showing every last truthful bit of whatever that is—of whatever "myself" is to this person who I thought would show me the same, but didn't. Because... she was scared. I don't understand. I just don't. Maybe I'm sorry I don't understand. But regardless, it would be interesting to... find out, and I... I don't know. [1/23/94]

Apology Pet Corner

Alex verifies "Jason and the Airedale"

Hi. My name is Alex and I'm calling from Boston. I've been listening to you for about... oh, I'd think for ten years anyways. A long long time ago, when I lived at home, when I was young, I got a book about weird phone numbers to call across the country, and I think this one was in it. Um, so I've been listening off and on for a long time, through all the dramas. I'm apologizing I guess for taking out a lot of my frustrations in my life on the people around me. That's one of the reasons why I've called.

This has not been an easy year. Last summer I found out the person that I care most about in my life—whom I live with—he found out that he's HIV positive. He subsequently tried to kill himself. He was in the hospital. We went through a very very bad time. We did not get along very well. September, I got sick. I found out I was HIV positive. I found out I was diabetic. I was in the hospital for like two weeks. Then I had a week to like work and get money together for a trip to Canada that I had planned earlier in the year. It was like really rushed. During the holidays, my mother, who's been fighting cancer for like four or five years, became very ill. She died, uh, just a few weeks ago. Like January fourteenth. And we were very close, and this has been very difficult. And, you know, just, like I've had a full plate. I can go on and on, but [chuckle] you know, it's not very important to dwell on all the things that could be affecting me. It's important to process them, I think, and deal with them, but to not, you know, take things out on people, which I do a lot. Sometimes I just sorta throw my moods at people 'cause I can't feel them myself or something.

And I have a client who lives in New York City, and I'm a psychic—that's what I do in Boston: I'm a professional psychic—and I do phone readings for her, her mother, and cousin. And, I felt really bad because I blew her off. And one reason why is I have this feeling after I talk to her on the phone: it makes me feel very weak and very ill. Like, just like, this woman drains the life out me, is the only way I can put it.

I was very glad to see that my friend Jason, who had called once before, and subsequently bought the magazine to see his Airedale story in it—I'll have you know Jason is a good friend of mine—and it is a very true story about him and the Airedale. Jason is a very intelligent wonderful human being. He's also very crazy and eccentric. He, uh... there's a school here in Massachusetts, University of Massachusetts at Boston, and Jason has the highest grade-point average out of ten thousand people. And that's true. It's very true. He won an award. And I was just saying he's just a friend—he's not a lover or anything—but he's a wonderful talented writer, storyteller.

And the scariest part is the Airedale story, as much as I don't want to believe it, is true as far as I know. That's pretty scary in itself. I once watched him masturbate on a public beach at nighttime over a dead sea gull which he

had placed stones around in the design of a pentagram, just to sort of get attention. So, you know, that's the way Jason is, and now I'm going to have to apologize for telling that. [chuckle] Especially if it turns into the Magazine, because we both buy the magazine at the Barnes and Noble bookstore in Downtown Boston. I don't know how you end up there Mr. A., but somehow you get there, so that's good.

I think Ted is a very sick individual. It's funny, we all tend to have an easy time believing some of the lighter, crazier, things people apologize for. We don't question things like, you know, performing oral sex with an Airedale or having a dog eat gravy out of our orifices, but, somehow when it comes to hurting and killing, we don't want to believe that this is true. We don't wanna believe the other person is capable of this. You have to remember you people are mostly calling from a city where there are two to three murders almost every day. And it's like, when it comes to the real negative things you all instantly think, you know, this can't be true—if it's true, or if he's telling the truth. I think there are very few people who would go to extremes to convince us of something without it really being true. It's funny how no one ever questions the kind of crazy or funny things, I was wondering if you had an opinion on that too, Mr. Apology. I don't know why I waited so long to talk, to actually leave a message, 'cause I've called so many times, but I've hardly ever left any messages. So, I just wish everyone out there a lot of peace and love, and like, thank you for listening to me. Thanks. Bye. [2/2/94]

Jason: Airedale & Tonya, sí. Rottweiler, no.

Hi, this is Jason. I'm in Boston. I'm the one who gave oral sex to my uncle's Airedale. I just heard my friend, Alex, talk about me, so I would like to tell a story about him: One time we were both drunk at a gay bar in Boston. And we came out and went to the ATM machine, and he had to piss so he pissed right into the bucket of the ATM. And then, he got a hard-on and started stroking his dick, and he pressed the numbers to the Bay Bank card with his dick. But he was moving up and down, up and down, and he took out more money than he even intended. But then some straight people came in while he was doing this, and it just was a very embarrassing scene. So if he doesn't want to talk about that, then he should mind his own business.

Well, I'm really high, so that's why I'm acting weird. But, I would just like to say that I did try sex with my sister's Rottweiler, and it was not conducive to the idea, because I tried to get it to suck me off and like rim me. I tried to suck it off, but it just growled and tried to bite me. So I just want to tell people if you're looking for sex with dogs, you know, only some of them like it—some don't. So, you have to be careful unless you wanna get eaten. And also, I'd like to say that I think that Tonya Harding is innocent, and I usually go for men, but, if she's calling, I would love to marry her instead. Thank you. [2/18/94]

Ted: An Explosive Mixture of Racial and Sexual Abuse

Ted called once back in January 1991 and said he had a strong urge to hurt black children. He thought it was caused by abuse he suffered as a child at the hands of a black stepfather. Then last June he began calling again and claims to have acted out his violent impulses on a number of children. An offer was made to Ted that Apology attempt to find a psychotherapist willing to work with him in confidence....

Apology this is Ted. Sunday night here. I guess I've been anticipating the release of the new issue of your magazine. And not finding it at a previous source, I found out through listening to this message that it is available at a certain bookstore. At this point I feel that giving away a source of where I go or where I've been is more than I want to give up about myself but, oh well.... I'm starting to seriously doubt my ability to continue calling this line precisely because of that: feeling that I'm going to have to protect myself a bit more at this point. I didn't feel that I got as much interplay, as much out of the magazine this time as I did last time. Maybe the initial jolt from it was... was... part of the strength of what I felt from it. Where this time.... the impact wasn't there. That's what I want to say. And for that matter, the minimal attention paid on the phone line really didn't seem to offer much to me this time around.

Oh, I don't know, there are a couple of things I want to say. First of all—and I'm not starting on a very good note either—uh, in response to the person who suggested that maybe I find a sexual outlet for this aggression that I have inside me, this anger, this hatred: well I did as such. And, uh, I managed to find a fairly anonymous person who is willing to engage in a different type of encounter than I'm used to, or that I've ever participated in. I could say that in my past I've pretty much had a normal type of sexual relationship with a girl before. I'm sure I have fantasies of something a little heavier or rougher, but it's nothing that I've ever acted out on until recently. And I quite honestly say that it is probably no territory that I have any right being in. Because the outcome was not really great.

I'm quite leery of going into too much detail about it, but I have no business in this area. I have no control.... There was some term that this woman threw out at me, called a "safe word," that she wanted to give me so that when things got too heavy, to pull back. The whole idea of this.... It was something I was willing to try, and I think I liked it too much. The safe word was quickly dispensed with in my mind, and uh, things got very rough, and I've only just complicated my problems with this. Because I certainly would like to do this more and more, but I think it's best for me not to be broadening my avenues. And in fact I should.... By most people's thoughts I should be limiting my outlets for any type of aggressive or violent behavior. It's amazing what a human being will voluntarily allow you to do to them. I'm... I'm a bit shocked by it.

Um, as regards comments about Ted Bundy: Well, sure, I'm aware of Ted Bundy. I mean I don't think a person who watches television of reads news magazines could possibly not be aware of Ted Bundy. And since the last round of calls, when I first heard a comparison made beyond the coincidence of names, and like that, I have gone and read a couple of books about Ted Bundy, and I don't see where any possibility of a connection could be made between the two of us other than our name, really. Yes, we've both struck out

against innocent victims, but our whole... the whole thing is different. Maybe I crossed over into his territory a little with this masochistic woman I've had an encounter with, but maybe that was brought on a bit by the books too. But, I mean, I've read these two books which are basically like reading the same book. And I don't know, I don't see how anybody could make a comparison with me, but I think reading those two books I know more about serial killers than these people who are trying to make comparisons between Bundy and myself. It's completely different worlds. The motivations are different. His case is completely different than what's going on in my life now. So that's what I wanted to say about that.

And, uh, those sort of doldrums from Thanksgiving certainly made an appearance around the holidays. I tried to occupy myself with family and friends to keep my mind from the areas it was slipping into. Umm, I wasn't altogether successful, but, uh, I dunno, I tried to stay away from the cruising aspect of things. Nothing really went on in that category except for the sexual encounter with the woman.

Um, that's about it really. I guess I heard responses about another message but I didn't respond to it, I just listened. And I was at a point where I really had nothing to get off my chest, or of course I really had stuff to get off my chest, but I was completely unable at that point to really speak coherently, and lord knows when somebody hears this tape, I'm not in much of a better position to speak coherently. My mind is very scattered and I'm trying to focus, and that's why I'm saying maybe it's not in my best interest to be calling. As far as talking to any sort of therapist, or whatever the term—psychoanalyst or whatever the term—psychologist, psychoanalyst, whatever, I've pretty much come to the idea that it would be absolutely detrimental to my safety to do so. Before hearing anyone else's comments, Margo is really a pain in my ass at this point. I mean her comments about the feasibility of confidentiality, and all—that's one thing—but her sort of singling herself out as sort of an object of my attention because of sympathetic response—well, Margo, it really wasn't you. It was some of the other people. I already have a mental image in my mind that makes you out to be a very unappealing woman, so don't flatter yourself too much. Um, but I don't think I'm prepared to talk to anybody. As much as I probably need it, I also feel I need my freedom at this point. Either to resolve things on my own terms, or... or whatever... whatever's going to happen in the future. Whether it's going to continue on or what. But I'm not interested in being rounded up at this point, and betrayed. I've been betrayed enough, so I don't need to be betrayed by more people claiming to be out for my best interests. I've heard it before. Heard it years ago, and I'm sure I'll hear it again. So um, I don't have a high level of trust in any of this. And I guess I'll just check back in at another point. Hopefully in a better tone, or... or... I don't know... something worthwhile to add. Uh, that's it. Bye. [1/10/94]

To Ted: I agree that Apology can do little for you now beyond playing or printing your messages and the commentary of others. Fortunately, you can pursue counseling on your own without much risk to your freedom if you are cautious in your approach. However, if you did the crimes you claim, consider finding a defense attorney and negotiating favorable terms of surrender. If this is a fabrication, little harm done; and you will know best if you have problems that should be discussed with a therapist.

Margo's Dilemma

You work with the husband, you're a friend of the wife. You find out he's cheating on her. What do you do?

Margo's dilemma

Hi everybody. It's Margo. Well, instead of a comment, I'm really calling with a question. Something's going on that's really troubling me and I'm not sure what to do. And I feel like no matter what I do I'll have apologies to make, so here's the deal:

I work with a guy who actually... indirectly reports to me. And I've gotten to know his whole family, I've gotten to know the kids, I know his wife. I mean, these are people I really consider friends. And, the kids are great, and they're real close to both of their parents, and I just found out this guy is fucking around on his wife. It's real clear—it wasn't something that I looked to find out. It's one of these real obvious kinds of things, although the man does not know I know this at all. I mean he doesn't have a clue. But I know his wife, and I like her a lot. I mean these are people who are friends, and it's real hard for me to face this guy knowing what I know, and knowing that his wife doesn't have clue-one about what's going on. Um, it's clear that the relationship is troubled, and both of them have shared with me independent of each other that it's troubled, um, but the wife really wants to see what could be done. These are people who are good people. But it's true, it's really true. And it's tough for me to spend time with them. I feel like I'm... I'm participating in his... in his act by not saying anything to his wife.

Um, I mean, Jeeze, it's not like my life has been pure, you know, like I'm anybody's moral arbiter here, but I feel like I'm guilty of complicity for not telling her. And to participate in, like, family bullshit, you know, where everyone's sitting around the table being a family when I know there's this whole other thing going on. I mean, it's not just like *random*, you know, *occasional*—this is like a tempestuous affair going on. Um, I really feel like I'm caught between a rock and a hard place. If I say something, I feel like it's none of my business, basically, to say anything. But, if I *don't* say anything, I feel like I'm making it my business because I know, and end up participating in a lie. So it doesn't feel like I have good choices here. I'm not gonna.... The last thing I wanna do is open my mouth and say what's going on. It's not my marriage, it's not my business, but it's really creating a problem for me. You know, seeing these people, working with him, and knowing what I know. It is one of the most uncomfortable things I've had to deal with in a long time. I'd appreciate advice from anyone. I mean, I feel like women ought to stick together on this, and his wife is

running down a blind alley. I mean, she doesn't have a clue this is going on. Not clue-one. The guy travels a lot on his job and so, you know, if we have a day or two added on, she's not going to notice the difference and there's no way she'd know. I know she doesn't suspect. And for me to sit down and have dinner with the folks, just.... I.... *whew!* And looking at his kid and.... This is tough. So, any word from the wise out there, um, would be great. Um, I mean, the last thing I wanna do is get involved in this, but I feel like, I'm already involved in this because I know. Help me out on this one folks, because I already feel I owe his wife an apology for not telling her. Thanks. Happy New Year everybody! Bye bye.

Rec. 1/8/94. Played on Program 194

Mr. Apology comments

Now there's a classic Ann Landers problem. Ann Landers always says M.Y.O.B., and who am I to second guess Ann Landers? I guess knowledge of his affair is a piece of information you'd be better off not having. But if you can't ignore it and go on, here are a couple of options people might comment on:

First of all you have to recognize that even though you may feel you know these people well, you may not really know what's going on in their marriage or in between them at all. In fact, *they* may not even know that well. So you have to run the risk of playing God.

Then there are children involved. It may just be a short tempestuous affair, or it may be something that is going to lead to divorce and a new marriage. It's hard for you, or even the people involved, to judge that. Sometimes children might be better off with parents that get divorced. Most likely they'd be better off if this storm just passed and they never knew the difference.

Often if someone you know is doing something wrong and it bothers you, the best thing to do is to go to the person. You might be able to better gauge the seriousness of this affair. But if you go to him, you risk getting involved and being forced to take sides.

Another option is—if it's really killing you that the wife doesn't know—to send her an anonymous note. If you think you can do that without being identified. Say that you are someone in the office and "I have reason to believe your husband is having an affair with somebody, and that though I don't know you that well, you seem like a decent person and I just feel like you should know." And you might add that you won't tell anyone else in the office about your suspicions, and

just let it go at that. That way you get none of the credit or the blame—neither of which you really need.

But in any case, just keep in mind that the wife may already know, or at least strongly suspect that something is going on, and desperately hope that whatever is going on will just pass away. She might be very interested in preserving the stability of the marriage, especially for the children. And the last thing she may want is for any one to be cognizant of what's going on. So she may be happier not knowing that you or anyone else thinks something is going on. You never know. In any case, I'm sure others will comment.

Comment added on Program 194.

A husband's viewpoint

This is a message to Margo about whether you should or should not tell: Mind your own business. Nobody has appointed you the morality police. Nobody has appointed you the guardian. Maybe this is gonna burn itself out, and he will come to his senses and they will take up where they were before. You opening your mouth, it can only go and mess things up. It's going to turn him against you, she's gonna feel hurt. *Mind. Your own. Business.* Keep your mouth shut. If you feel uncomfortable being near with them, don't go. But keep out of it. It's up to them to work out. What goes on between a man and a woman in their own house is nobody's business but their own. I would be highly resentful, for example, if my wife was having an affair and one of her friends told me. Maybe it was just hearsay. Maybe, uh, my wife's affair would burn itself out and I wouldn't know and it'd be over and done with. Mind your own business. You have no right—forget about this sisterhood *CRAP!* I mean that makes me puke when I hear that. These are people, uh, who have their own lives and you butt out of it.

Rec. 1/14/94. Played on Program 195.

A spurned wife's perspective

Hi. I want to leave a message for [Margo]. I think you should absolutely positively tell the wife somehow. Being somebody who was in the same position—not your position, but the wife's position, believe me, this woman deserves to be acting on as much information as she can possibly have. Especially the two kids, and especially knowing that you can get diseases really easy these days. And, if you can't trust your husband to not be sleeping around with other women, you can't necessarily trust him to be using a condom either. So just for her own physical protection you should let her know. And I actually think that the person who found out about what was going on with my husband—I mean, I'm not religious or anything, but I just think somehow they were meant to find out, and they were

meant to let me know. And I think it might be the same thing with you. You just seem like such a thoughtful and compassionate person. And a lot of people would be really cynical and just wouldn't even weigh the moral issues here. So just by you doing that, it just shows that you're a really good friend, and that you just were meant to find out. So, I know you might feel kind of nervous about telling her, letting her know it's you. And I think the anonymous way is a very good option, and, you know, maybe later on you can let her know it was you. But really the way it stands now, I think you are protecting the man and, um, I think that she, the wife, has the right to make the decision and not other people. So, it's gonna be hard but I'd say do it. Please. Thanks.

Rec. 1/15/94. Played on Program 195.

An objective wife

I'm responding to Margo's dilemma as a wife. I'm someone who is strongly principled and find myself in the confidence of a lot of people. Often in the confidence of both husbands and wives. I think that before you say anything to his wife, you should say something to him to get a sense of what's going on with him: Why he's lost his sense of discretion; how he feels about being discovered. And suggest to him that you talk to his wife because you feel very compromised.

I don't know how close you feel to all of them. Or how much of a loss it would be for you not to be able to see them, but it is one of those situations that when you are being dishonest about what you know you can't live. You know, it's as though you're having an affair with someone you shouldn't be having an affair with. I mean, you shouldn't be omniscient about someone else's life. It's a bad position. And I think you're entitled to be angry at him for putting you in that position by being indiscreet. There's no need for their children to necessarily know... at all... ever. There's really no way of letting children know that, yes, adults hurt each other all the time, and relationships are very arbitrary and painful.

I don't feel like you owe her an apology for not telling her. She needs to figure out why she needs to be with this man. And whether she wants to be with him or not, he may be heading out. And if he is, and he's not telling her, than she should be able to figure it out, whether or not he's got a very demanding job or not travelwise. But your role, even though you're a friend of the family, you're not a tooth-fairy—you don't come in and get information. That's not what you're there for unless you really are ready to take sides. And even then, you're likely to lose them—one or the other, or both—as friends. If she doesn't want to face it, she's not going to be very happy to hear it from you. And if you can't see her without making her face it, then you may need to take a breather. So. There's a word from the wise. Bye. Happy New Year.

Rec. 1/28/94. Played on Program 195.

heh heh, 'cause she's so short.

And it's interesting. I was speculating what degree of the way she was responding to me had to do with some sort of sexual thing. I don't really know. Some of the people who listen to this might say, no, it's not sexual at all. But we have sensations, and we have them from an early age. And I was thinking maybe six years later, I'd like to see her again! Heh heh. Uhh, but at that point in time, I'm certainly not going to do anything. I think the thing that is most appealing is just the uncorruptedness of this girl's way of being. "Here I am!" Making sort of a little gift of herself almost. I thought, damn!, no wonder I prefer much younger women. No wonder. I don't know, by the time women have been around the block a few times—some men too—and of course I suppose it true for both sexes: people get jaded, people get burned, people get certain buttons that get pushed, and those buttons get a little worn. We like to keep them nice and clean and fresh, and ready to be stroked rather than pushed, I guess, heh heh!

But, something about this. A purity, almost, in the way this little girl approached me, I found very sexual. Sexual mainly because it has more than anything to do with love or affection, I suppose. As I was telling a friend last night, what this stimulated in me was something I, and probably most people who do have a number of experiences that are unhappy intimacy-wise: we learn to conceal ourselves from people. We learn to hide ourselves, because we don't want to put ourselves in a position of vulnerability with other people. And young people haven't had those experiences, so they have nothing to fear that way by offering themselves to somebody else, or taking on the energy of somebody else. And that's when love is possible—as far as I'm concerned. And to me it's always a struggle. Any new person I meet, that stimulates me, I always try to do away with a certain amount of the anger or bitterness or disappointment that I've felt for women in the past, and approach each situation afresh, because that's the only

chance you'll get. That's the only chance you'll get of anything that's going to be human. And anything that isn't going to be a negotiation process. If it becomes a negotiation process, which it often is, well, you can deal with it, because you have needs to satisfy. But in terms of anything that has any real power and any real depth, I think that gets compromised at a result. And, um, boy! I hope I can meet that girl again in about six or seven years!

But, um.... I don't know, something to think about, in terms of this guy who is habitually assaulting or molesting this young girl. Which I think is not an intelligent thing to do. Not a good thing to do. But, um, I wonder myself sometimes, in these situations, how receptive are these young people? These cases about the day-care centers. Some of these have been documented as just a lot of nonsense that fanatically or religiously paranoid parents have cooked up. But maybe some of it is true to some degree, and maybe some of it is just like situations where the little girl is being bounced on her father lap and her father just happens to get an erection. I'm sure that sort of thing happens quite a bit. Without anything being inserted anywhere. And maybe they play games like that sometimes at day-care centers. And it ends up being conflated into something else entirely. And then again, maybe some of these little girls, or little boys, for that matter, learn at a very young age what it's like to have sexual power over people, and how to wield it, and wield it cruelly. Little children can be cruel, as well as exploratory and uncorrupted. Anyway, those are some thoughts.

Rec. 5/9/92. Played on Program 169

cm thinks jc is a potential molester

Oh, yeah, it's me again. I guess I need a name for this thing. I... I um, called about having molesting my niece. I guess the name I'll use is CM. That'll... that'll work.

First of all, I'd like to comment

about the individual preceding me who, uh, was idly wondering about the attractiveness of children and the openness of children, and I would like to inform that individual that he is desperately in need of some kind of help. Um, because it sounds to me that he is a little closer than what he thinks he is to doing something about it. Because he seemed to go one by one and use every excuse that I ever thought of, and that was enough for me to do it. I don't know if he has the, uh, capacity to do it or not, but, uh.... First of all, children are open until they are molested. That's what closes them off. When a child is abused, or a child is neglected, or a child is hurt, that's when the closing starts, and that's when we start learning to protect ourselves. And I can't think, personally, short of murder, of anything more likely to cause a person to close off than to be sexually molested. It is not exploration. My God, it's abuse, it is violation, it is horrible! I have been in therapy. I have seen women in their fifties who were molested as a child, and I have seen it right in front of me. I have seen the effects of it. It is real, it hurts. These people are screaming inside! And it is absolutely repulsive to even suggest that you were curious. That's like being idly curious about wondering what it would be like to rip somebody's head off with your bare hands. That is sick. I've done it. I know.

I don't think he's going to do it, really. But I think he needs to check into what he's thinking, and really consider the fact that he was just calmly and curiously wondering what it would be like to ravish an innocent child. And I think that's just a little bizarre. Um... he talked about how he doesn't like older women because they're jaded. That's not jaded, that's mature. That's having your defences and having your own space, your own personality. Children don't have any defences. That's why it's so alluring. You can do whatever you want, and they will not only let you do it, they will participate. They will do whatever you say. They will act like you want them to, they will... whatever. I know. It is about power. It is about

having power over yourself and your own needs by taking power from another person. I had all sorts of problems over sexuality. I felt like I had no power over it. I don't like to need anything. I don't even like to be hungry. I don't like it. An example: I was playing basketball one time, and my foot started hurting for no good reason. And I couldn't play. It was absolutely driving me nuts. My foot wasn't broken or sprained or whatever. It was just hurting, and I didn't know why. So I just stomped it into the cement. Just stomped it, "If you're going to hurt, you're going to have a God damn good reason to hurt." I don't like being controlled by anything. I like to think I'm always in control. Which, of course, is stupid. I figured that out.

But, uh, molesting a child, you have absolute power—over yourself. You can get what you want and you don't have to give up anything. You don't have to be vulnerable, you don't have to say anything, you don't have to buy her any birthday presents, you can just get what the hell you want. And not only will she give you what you want, she will act like she's enjoying it, because she doesn't even know... she can't even understand she's being violated. It's beyond her comprehension that somebody she trusts—and children trust just about everybody—could do this. It takes a long time for a child to come up with the concept that another human being could hurt them. And so they figure it must be something else, "It must be me, it must be something wrong with me." I've seen people struggle with that for all their lives. Women in their fifties, like I said, that are still thinking, "Maybe it was my fault. Maybe I did this, or maybe I did that." Sure, children explore sexuality. I mean, they're human. From the minute they're born they have all the organs necessary. But we're not talking sex with an adult. We're talking about exploring their sexuality the same way they explore their ... feet. I mean a baby discovers it has a foot and it's thrilled for months. It's the same thing. It's just the innocent exploration of "Hey! What's this?" you know? And when there's an adult involved who wants something and takes some-

thing, then it becomes a violation. An intense violation. And I don't think it's something that should be idly speculated whether or not it's a good thing. It's obviously.... I mean, I guess murder is worse, but sometimes I wonder, because it's such a reprehensible thing.

And I just thought he should know from somebody from the other side of the fence who has crossed the line. I'll tell somebody who's maybe considering crossing the line that it's not a real good idea. I mean the worst he could come up with was, "Well, it's not a particularly intelligent thing to do, or a good thing to do." Well, yeah, that's true, and I wouldn't want to reduce it to that, to say that it wasn't intelligent. I mean, forgetting to pay a light bill is not intelligent. Molesting a child is violent and abusive and disgusting.

And as far as your questions about where it might have come from. I've basically just been getting into that really. From the beginning of my therapy I knew a great deal of it had to do with the fact that my mother left me, left us, left the house when I was about ten years old. And I knew that but I didn't really get into it emotionally until just recently. I wrote another letter to her. I don't have either letter here. I'll call back and maybe read the letter. I wrote a letter to her just to express my anger, and there were no rules with this letter. I just told her whatever I thought. And I discovered that I was a whole lot angrier than even what I thought I was. That there was a lot of just absolute rage just buried. And there was more, and I'm working on it. But just the resentment of... of women. I mean, my mother, from my eyes, rejecting me. I mean, I never wondered why she left home. I just wondered why she didn't take me with her, because our home environment was not the greatest. And I can understand her leaving, but she didn't want to take me with her, apparently, or have me visit her for more than a day at a time. And I always felt that had something to do with the fact that I was a bed-wetter until I was approximately seventeen. And, um, I thought maybe... maybe she just couldn't

stand the smell anymore, I don't know. When that came out I thought I had resolved all of that, but, no, I guess not. And, um, it's just a lot of things like that. Just the resentment... a lot of resentment from the fact that she led a better life without me. I never even thought of that until I started writing that letter; but that's what about nine pages of the letter were concerned with: the fact that she was happier and she was more independent without me. And I just absolutely hated her for it, and I just hated her for it, and it just made me feel so absolutely worthless to know my mother was better off without me. And I think that's where a lot of it came from. Like you said, I don't use it to rationalize it. I mean as far as I'm concerned, I could have been gang raped by Mongols every half hour since I was three. It wouldn't have anything to do with what I do with my own hands and my will. That affects how I feel, but that doesn't affect what I do. What I do is up to me, and I chose to molest my niece. To get revenge, or whatever.... I mean there's a thousand different reasons. But none of them is a reason, it's just a.... I don't know what the hell you call it. There's obviously no rationalization of it, it's just a violent act. People commit violent acts. And this is a particularly violent example of that.

I was never molested as a child. My father was a pedophile. There's no question about that. I discovered some child pornography that he had when I was a—I don't know how old I was—I was a child myself. And he never physically molested me, but from the effects of it, I guess he might as well have; because some of those boys in those magazines looked very familiar, looked similar to me and it seemed obvious that he wanted to. He was just in general, and still is, a very sick man. And I appear to have most if not all of his sickness. I get the comment, you know, "You're a lot like your dad." My mom tells me that, or something like that. To me, that's just an absolute insult, because I can't stand the idea that I can be like him, but I guess I am.

But, uh, I was never actually

molested. But there is, if not a justification, then at least some kind of sense to it. It's not like, "Well, he had this situation, and then his mother did this, and therefore he molested a child." That doesn't work, but, uh, at least you can make a little tiny little bit of sense out of it, because I didn't just grow up in the Cosby household and have a perfect upbringing, and then suddenly, out of the blue one day, bang! I'm molesting children for no apparent reason. There was a reason for the anger and there was a reason for the hatred, but there was no reason for the action. And I've learned there's a great deal of difference between what you feel and what you do, and you have to take responsibility for what you do, and you just have to feel what you feel. They told me from the first day of therapy, emotions are just emotions. You just feel what you feel. But I still felt like I shouldn't be having this feeling, I shouldn't be feeling this rage, I shouldn't have this need to violate. I shouldn't want it, I shouldn't feel it. And as long as you did that, then you just deny that you feel it, and the first time that you feel a little bit better, you say, "Well, I'm all cured," and I don't want it anymore; and then two minutes later you see a little girl walking by, and you realize you haven't been cured of anything.

I think it's a great deal like drug addiction, because doing it was a great deal like a drug. I had this sense of power, and sense of... I mean, I had everything I wanted. But, any way, I liken it to an addiction because I don't think there is a cure, or something like that. It's just a matter of taking the anger that was channeled into that, and channeled into something that doesn't hurt anyone. Letting the anger out and expressing it to the people who actually caused it, rather than misdirecting it to someone else. And just letting it out. I mean I have a pillow that's taken a lot of abuse in the last two months, and I've written a lot of letters, and, I don't know, I think my neighbors probably think I have very loud telephone conversations, because I just yell. I just pretend like the person's in the room with

me, and I just yell at them. And, uh, I guess I'm more controlled because I do talk to my mother and father, and I tell them what I feel. And that's just basically starting and I can't really tell you how well it's going yet.

I guess that's just about all I can say. I would like to hear from people. I would like to hear what people really think. Whether the average person in the street.... Like a consensus opinion of whether there is a way back. I basically just want to be an average person and just lead an average life. I don't intend to ever have children. I don't think that would be a good idea. I don't know. That's a long way down the road anyway, so I don't have to.... have to work through that at this particular point. You kind of have to have a wife first, I think, so.... I think I'll work on one thing at a time, but, uh, I don't plan on it anyway. I'd just like to hear from the various callers and I'll look forward to hearing what you say. Thank you very much.

Rec. 6/5/92. Played on Program 170

mr. a comments

CM, thank you for such interesting, passionate, and well thought-out commentary. It occurs to me that the choice of the name CM is a good metaphor for your situation, since you could go through life with those initials, telling the curious that they stand for Charlie Mark or whatever, and there would be no consequences; but if it got out that CM stood for Child Molester, you would be branded, and your life would be hell. Since you have no police record, and since you've moved far from home, you can start afresh. You'll always carry the knowledge of what you did, but no new person need ever know. Although you are currently undergoing a necessary process of self-criticism and self-exploration, some day you may evolve so far that you will look back and the young man who molested the five year old girl will seem almost like a stranger to you. Or, you may find that you never lose the urges that compelled you in the first place. In that case, you

will still be the CM with the secret identity. Or if you act upon the urges, the identity will probably become public. It's all a matter of self-control and emotional and ethical growth.

I would still like to hear the letter of apology to your niece. I'd also like to know more about your father and his history of child abuse. Coming upon his child porn must have been a real shocker. How old were you? I can see how finding that stuff both made you feel like his prey, and also gave you permission to be a predator to other children. How old were you when the molestation started? How did it start? Did you exploit a child's affections in a situation similar in some way to the one J.C. described?

I'm fascinated with your case for a number of reasons. Incest and child molestation have always been prominent subjects on the Apology Line. People apologize for what they feel most ashamed, and no acts are more shaming than these. Those who have read my essay on ideology and personality know that I think there is a relationship between the extremely patriarchal society justified by the Old Testament and abuse of children. Why is there not an eleventh commandment not to commit incest or abuse upon children? Why are children commanded to honor their parents, but not the other way around? CM, if you give me a mailing address, and promise to give me your commentary on it, I'll send you a copy of the essay.

CM sent in an address and a copy of the essay was sent along with a letter which ended as follows:

You are one of the most interesting speakers in the twelve years of Apology. You did something really hurtful to a child and now you are facing the consequences frontally and looking for self-realization and the reasons why. You have real courage. I'm pleased that the Apology system is working for you.

Sincerely,
Mr. Apology

The 1992 material and the current material will be continued in the next issue.✕

the joke

TOLD BY JOHN CIECIEL.

AND BUTCHERED BY MR. A.

the joke that makes people die laughing... the joke God told Adam... the joke that gets you in the door... the joke that's told in every language... the joke amoebas tell... the joke no one gets... the mumbled joke... all the jokes you forgot... the joke told just out of earshot... the joke you never get right... the joke that always makes you laugh... the joke that saves a life... the joke that gets you in trouble... the joke found on a caveman's wall... the joke written on a restroom stall... the joke heard on the wind... the joke no one can repeat... the joke you tell while trying to tell a different joke... the joke's on you... the joke that makes you the life of the party... the joke that fell behind the dresser... the joke you always need help finishing... the joke that can't be translated... the joke you just have to write down... the joke that started the whole world crying... the joke waiting to be told... the joke that went right over your head... the explosive joke... the joke men tell women then try to take back... the joke dropped on Hiroshima... the joke about the rabbi, the priest and the minister... the joke kids only tell each other... the joke that deciphered the Rosetta Stone... the joke that's told before most nosebleeds... the generic joke... the joke Buddha heard under the Bodhi tree... the joke between your legs... the joke only women can tell... the joke you should have told instead... the latent-homosexual joke... the joke that has no punch-line... the joke that tops all jokes... the victimless joke... the butt of all jokes... the joke that only men get... the eye-opening joke... the liberating joke... the silent joke... the telepathic joke... the joke that made her cry... the joke told only to strangers... the joke that makes you groan... the joke told before sex... the joke Jack Benny told on radio that's now entering the Horsehead Nebula... the joke which proves you're one of the guys... the joke that frightens... the joke Jesus told at the Last Supper... the joke you told in your sleep... the joke that sounded funny when you heard it, but not so funny when you told your spouse... the joke that provokes silent laughter... the joke that makes them groan... the joke serial murderers tell... the what are you laughing at joke... the joke that proves you're a boor... the private joke... the forbidden joke... the joke you tell too often... the joke you tell only in the company of men... the joke told at the gravesite... the killer joke... the joke you never expected her/him to know... the federal-deposit-insured joke... the contagious joke... the joke that ends most movies... the joke you already heard... the joke that starts a war... the last joke you'll ever tell... the joke that traveled around the world in a day... the joke requiring the Heimlich Maneuver... the joke you tell only certain women... the joke no one ever gets to finish... the joke found at the South Pole... the joke that reminds you of your father... the joke that makes you wet your pants... the sophomore joke... the joke heard simultaneously on all three major television networks... the joke you had to be there to get... the is this some kind of joke joke... the joke behind all other jokes... the joke deaf people tell that hearing people never understand... the joke everyone's laughing at when you walk in the room... the joke heard on the operating table when the patient died... the joke told when you first saw your mother lose it... the joke told on Death Row... the joke you misunderstand but laugh at anyway... the joke that got him/her to notice you... the joke you laughed at in a dream... the joke you overheard on an elevator... the joke that breaks the ice... the joke that made you

laugh like an idiot... the joke that sneaks up on you... the stolen joke... the joke that makes you sad... the joke that gets you out of a sticky situation... the joke that cures cancer... the joke you laugh at before hearing the punch-line... the joke you forget as soon as you hear it... the joke nuns tell each other... the joke you hear in solitary... the joke traveling salesmen tell farmer's daughters... the racist/sexist/ethnic joke that made you laugh then later made you wonder why you were laughing... the joke told everyday somewhere in the world... the one-size-fits-all joke... the seductive joke... the punch-line without a joke ... the first joke on the moon... the joke told only in whispers... the joke Presidents hear only after being sworn-in... the dirtiest joke... the shortest joke... joke #57... the joke this town was built around... the dumbest joke... the joke that made him/her stop loving you... the joke machines tell... the day without a joke... the joke the whooping cranes are trying to tell us... the ginger ale out the nose joke... the joke that's been told only once... the joke that never fails to get a big laugh... the joke that travels faster than sound... the joke told in one language but understood in a different language... the joke you never tell at the table... the joke you can't wait to get home, to work, or to the bar to tell... the joke Leonardo told Mona Lisa... the joke thought up under extreme duress... the bubble-gum wrapper joke... the joke this is neither the time nor place for... the oldest joke in the world... the joke Johnny brought from Nebraska... the cruelest joke of all... the joke everyone gets but you... the joke more satisfying than food... the joke you tell when you have to say something and can't think of anything to say... the perfect joke... the joke that winos tell to no one on street corners... the joke that plants aren't telling... the joke your kids tell you that you tell your boss... the joke that's ten-times stronger than steel... the joke that cost you an erection... the joke everyone sees through... the it's not funny joke... the moron joke you didn't get... the joke the rich tell behind closed doors... the joke that backfired... the joke that makes you blush... the joke that ends the fight... the joke you'd never tell your children... the joke all barbers tell... the joke people remember at the saddest times... the joke that never fails to clear the room... the joke mothers know but never tell... the joke that's no joke... the first joke you ever heard... the first joke you ever told... the joke that made sex dirty... the joke you wield like a club... the joke you were sure he/she would like... the joke that never fails to bring tears to your eyes... the joke you gotta tell somebody... the joke you told when you should have been listening... the joke that escapes your memory... the joke that explains men to women and vice versa... the joke that knows no class distinctions... the joke that never fails to bomb... the what are they all laughing at joke... the it's only a joke joke... the joke everyone's heard but you... the kind of joke we would never tell... the joke we laughed at but wished we hadn't... the joke told by waiters in Chinese restaurants... the joke you told that proved to everyone but yourself you couldn't tell a joke... the joke your friends beg you to tell... the joke you needed to end your speech... the dead silence after that joke... the why did I ever tell that joke... the joke your rival told your boss that got him your promotion... and the joke he told when you were trying to make a serious point... the joke that finally got you fired... the joke the Serpent told Eve about God and Adam... the living, breathing, walking, talking joke that is you....

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Attention

Psychotherapists:

Apology is seeking an experienced and courageous psychotherapist on a voluntary basis who would be willing to speak with confidentiality to one or several anonymous persons who have called the Apology Line and testified to having committed violent and/or criminal acts. Also, to speak to others who may be in acute psychological distress. The recorders on the Apology Line could be used as the means of initial contact if so desired. Professionals willing to undertake such an endeavor are asked to leave a message on one of the Apology lines or to write to Apology Magazine. Please briefly state qualifications and experience and relevant points of view. Apology address and telephone numbers on page 34.

St. Mark's Book shop

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NEW YORK, NEW YORK
10003

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(212) 260 7853
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(212) 598 4950

TheNewMuseum of Contemporary Art
583 Broadway, New York (212) 219 1222

March 5th - April 10th:

Bad Girls Part II

Artists:

Laura Aguilar, Gwen Akin/Allan Ludwig, Janine Antoni, Xenobia Bailey, Lillian Ball, Lynda Barry, Molly Bliden, Camille Billops, Andrea Bowers, Lisa Bowman, Barbara Brandon, Jennifer Camper, Nancy Dwyer, Matt Groening, Robin Kahn, Kids!, Nina Kuo, Pat Lasch, Lauren Lesko, Cary Liebowitz, Rhonda Lieberman, Yasumasa Morimura, Monique Safford, Joyce Scott, Beverly Semmes, Susan Silas, Coreen Simpson, Shari Urquhart, Judith Weinperson.

Video Program II

Peggy Ahwesh, Lutz Bacher, Glenn Belvario, Sadie Benning, Diane Bonder, Mira Gelley, Cheng Sim Lim, Meryl Perlon, Liss Plat/Joyan Saunders, Cauleen Smith, Tom Rubnitz. Organized by Cheryl Dunye.

Bad Girl Film at the Anthology Film Archives

Anthology Film Archives, 32 2nd Ave.
Call 505-5181 for information.
Admission \$7 general; \$5 members.

April 20th - 24th:

Benefit Exhibition

May 6th - August 14th:

Chen Zhen and Huang Young Ping

Hours: Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sun: Noon to 6pm
Sat: Noon to 8pm, 6-8pm FREE.
Mon, Tues: Closed

**ATTENTION CRIMINALS. ATTENTION CROOKED COPS,
POLITICIANS & BUSINESSMEN. ATTENTION SEX WORK-
ERS. ATTENTION ORDINARY PEOPLE WITH MISDEEDS,
SECRETS AND REGRETS, LARGE AND SMALL:**

**CALL *APOLOGY* AND LISTEN TO OR RECORD CONFESSIONS, APOLO-
GIES, AND PERSONAL TESTIMONY, OR SEEK ADVICE AND SOLACE,
ALL WITH THE PROTECTION OF ANONYMITY.**

**I SAY WE ARE HALF ANIMAL HALF GOD AND WE MIGHT AS WELL FIGURE
OUT HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF OUR SITUATION WHILE WE CAN. IT
COULD BE WORSE. IT COULD BE A LOT WORSE. IN FACT, I GUARANTEE IT
WILL BE. BUT FOR NOW, YOU ARE READING THIS. SO YOU'RE ALIVE. YOU
CAN SEE. YOU CAN READ ENGLISH IN SIMPLE BLOCK LETTERS. REJOICE
IN YOUR EXALTED POSITION ON THE FOOD CHAIN.**

**NOW THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU ATE TO GET WHERE YOU ARE, AND WHAT'S
EATING YOU. CALL *APOLOGY* AND LAY IT ON THE LINE. I'M WAITING.**

— Mr. Apology

(1-212)-255-2748, 255-7714, 633-8323

**CRIMINALS: RECORD FROM A PAY PHONE TO PREVENT TRACING
I'M STILL WAITING.**